F
74
N55 N46
copy 2

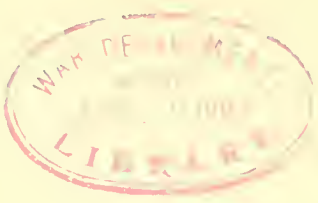
The City of Newburyport

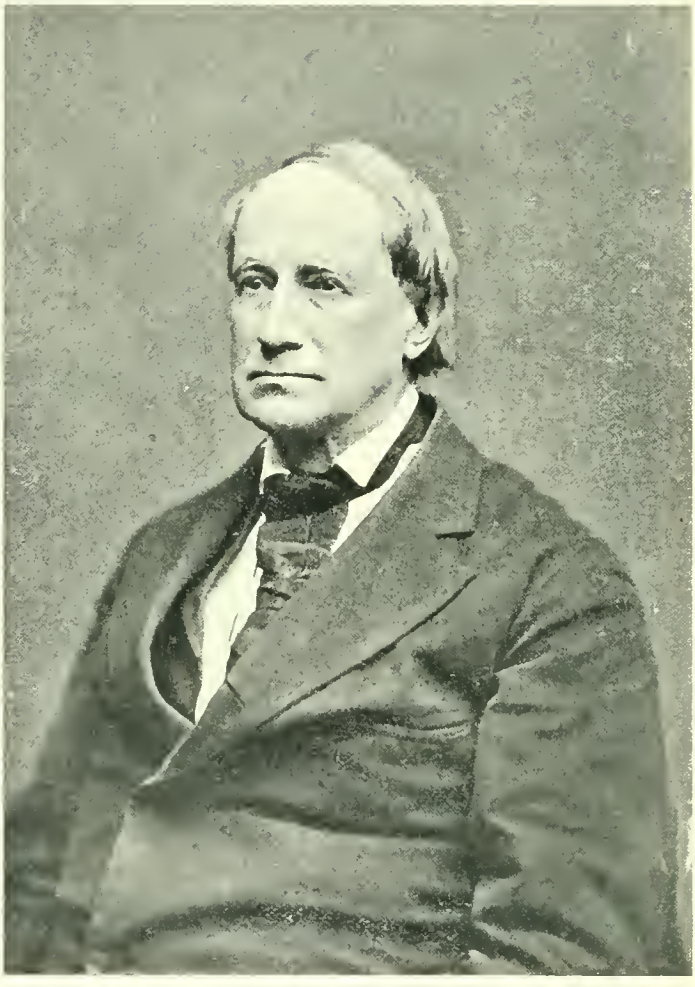
Fiftieth Anniversary
of its
Incorporation

June 22=25, A. D. 1901

Class F15

Book .D5 H15


WAR DEPARTMENT
LIBRARY



HON. CALEB CUSHING.

FIRST MAYOR OF NEWBURYPORT.

CELEBRATION OF THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CITY CHARTER OF NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

JUNE TWENTY-THIRD, TWENTY-FOURTH, TWENTY-FIFTH, TWENTY-SIXTH,

MCMI

F 74
.N55 N46

F74.N55N48

By transfer
OCT 25 1915

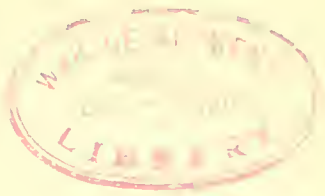
NEWS PUBLISHING CO.,
PRINTERS,
NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Frontispiece: Portrait Hon. Caleb Cushing	page
Portrait Mayor Brown facing	5
Preliminary Proceedings	7–11
Committees	7-8-9
Appropriation	10
Services on Sunday	15–27
Address of Hon. Moses Brown	16
Scriptural Selection, Rev. T. J. Macfaddin	17
Prayer, Rev. M. O. Patton	17
Address, George F. Stone Esq.	19–27
Exercises on Monday	31–108
Prayer, Rev. Samuel C. Beane	33
Address of Welcome, Mayor Brown	34
Scriptural Selection, Rev. Dr. H. C. Hovey	36
Poem by Lothrop Withington	37–40
Portrait, Hon. A. E. Pillsbury facing	41
Address, Hon. A. E. Pillsbury	41–72
Portrait, Col. Eben F. Stone facing	75
Anniversary Banquet	77–108
Address, Hon. John L. Bates	81
Address, Hon. W. H. Moody	84
Address, Lieutenant-Commander Roy S. Smith	87
Address, Captain Harry Lee	88
Address, Hon. A. E. Pillsbury	89
Address, Hon. A. P. Gardner	91

EXERCISES ON MONDAY (*Continued*). PAGE

Address, Rev. A. J. Teeling 94
Letter from Bishop Clark 96
Letter from William C. Todd, Esq. 98
Letter from P. K. Hills, Esq. 99
Address, Hon. Harvey N. Shepard 100
Address, Hon. William Reed 102
Address, Hon. Albert Currier 104
Address, Robert G. Dodge, Esq. 107
EXERCISES ON TUESDAY 111–123
Make-up of the Procession 112–119
Athletic Sports 121
Fireworks 123
EXERCISES ON WEDNESDAY 127–131
Firemen's Parade 127
Firemen's Muster 129
Testimonial to Battleship 131
APPENDIX 135–146
Letters from Invited Guests 135



HON. MOSES BROWN,

MAYOR OF NEWBURYPORT.

PRELIMINARY PROCEEDINGS

WAR DEPARTMENT
LIBRARY

PRELIMINARY PROCEEDINGS

The closing words of Mayor Brown's inaugural address, in January, 1901, were in recommendation of a suitable observance of the fiftieth anniversary of the birth of the city of Newburyport,— June 24, 1901. On the same evening that the advice was given the city council by the mayor, an order was adopted by that body providing for a special committee, to act with citizens, in taking the first steps of preparation. On that committee were: Mayor Brown; President Withington, of the board of aldermen; President Dodge, of the common council; Aldermen Sargent and Pearson; Councilmen Sullivan, Herlihy, Rantoul, Lunt, Frost, and Chase. A meeting of this committee was held in January, and a call issued to all organizations, secular and religious, to elect representatives to act on a general committee. It was also voted to call a mass meeting of citizens to choose men for the general committee.

At a meeting of the general committee it was voted that the mayor should appoint sub-committees, and that an executive committee should have general control of the celebration. The mayor appointed the following committees:

General Committee. — Samuel Brookings, F. A. Morse, J. D. King, G. A. Johnson, William H. Welch, G. S. Lang, C. N. Maguire, G. E. Torrey, C. E. Ives, C. A. Stockman, Clarence Danforth, C. W. Parker, A. E. Goodwin, S. I. Little, B. J. Conley, W. C. O'Connell, A. H. Wells, Thomas Noyes, A. D. Frost, P. H. Kimball, C. R. Todd, Joseph Hudson, S. J. Ford, E. C. Knight, Dr. J. F. Young, Dr. S. O. Pilling, C. L. Davis, C. M. Pritchard, Dr. D. Foss, S. M. Miller, William J. Ray, J. B. Frost, B. G. Gerrish, Francis Curtis, Louis Patriquin, N. D. Dodge, E. W. Eaton, Walter Packer, J M. Holland, E. M. Ingalls, John Elliott, Dennis Creeden, J. E. O'Sullivan, Dr. John Homer, C. L. Perkins, S. A. Bridges, H. F. McGlew, W. A. Dickey, F. J. Hay, J. F. Moylan, John Coffey, Mrs. M. N. Blood, Miss E. M. Howe,

E. T. Choate, Dr. C. W. Hidden, J. A. Harris, D. W. Nutting, T. B. Robbins, G. A. Dickey, Charles Bartlett, G. H. Bragg, G. H. Marston, D. G. Kendall, E. W. Tilton, Charles C. Donnell, Captain O. O. Jones, Patrick Sullivan, G. E. Hodgkins, G. W. I. Colby, A. E. Fowler, Dr. C. F. Johnson, J. R. Comley, W. F. Pottle, J. T. Robinson, G. C. Morrill, O. B. Merrill, William Burns, John Kane, Mary A. Toppan, Eliza A. Little, Edgar Reade, George Peckham, F. B. Hubbard, Rev. J. W. Dodge, F. E. Cutter, C. W. Ayers, A. C. Pearson, E. B. Stover, B. C. Welch, R. S. Tibbetts; Councilmen W. W. Hicks, S. R. Welch, F. P. Knight, W. B. Frost, Hugh Hart, Jr., C. P. Kelley, S. J. Hughes, W. H. O'Brien, J. M. Chase, F. W. Dorr.

Executive Committee.— Mayor Brown, Alderman Withington, Councilman R. G. Dodge, L. B. Cushing, O. J. Gurney, B. F. Stanley, W. J. Hale, H. B. Little, W. C. Cuseck, D. H. Fowle, E. P. Shaw, Jere Healey, A. L. Huse, John W. Sargent, W. W. Pillsbury, E. P. Dodge, J. J. Currier, D. S. Burley, Irvin Besse, T. C. Simpson, Luther Dame, Albert Currier, William Balch, G. P. Tilton, A. G. Perkins, S. C. Reed, P. A. Merrill, C. J. Fogg, P. B. Jackson, B. A. Appleton, R. Jacoby.

Literary Committee.— E. P. Dodge, J. J. Currier, N. N. Withington.

Finance Committee.— Irvin Besse, D. S. Burley, J. H. Balch, Jr., W. F. Houston, F. E. Smith, I. W. C. Webster, W. G. Fisher, R. E. Burke, R. Jacoby, William Balch, J. F. Sullivan, W. R. Johnson, J. W. Allen, L. F. Barton, D. A. Goodwin, Jr., Moody Kimball, A. H. Beckford, Job Weston.

Invitations to City's Guests.— T. C. Simpson, P. H. Lunt, W. J. Hale, G. P. Sargent.

General Invitations.— Luther Dame, John F. Pearson, John E. Bailey, G. W. Manser, I. W. C. Webster, Charles L. Perkins.

Reception.— Arthur Withington, Albert Currier, Benjamin Hale, J. O. Winkley, A. R. Curtis, W. A. Johnson, G. H. Plumer, Thomas Huse, Rev. Dr. S. C. Beane, Rev. Dr. H. C. Hovey, Nathaniel Appleton, C. W. Johnson, C. C. Donnell, N. N. Jones, J. F. Carens, W. H. Bayley, Lawrence W. Brown, J. J. Currier, E. P. Dodge, T. C. Simpson, O. J. Gurney, R. G. Dodge, Arthur P. Brown, Timothy Herlihy, Grosvenor T. Blood, George W. Langdon, H. R. Perkins, Mrs. William A. Johnson, Mrs. William H. Bayley, Miss Mary Toppan, Mrs. L. W. Brown, Miss Elizabeth Thurston, Miss Emily A. Getchell, Mrs. Joseph E. Moody, Miss Ethel Parton.

Music.— William Balch, C. A. Bliss, R. E. Burke, W. C. Coffin, A. J. Casey, A. E. Goodwin.

Military and Civic Parade.— A. G. Perkins, G. W. Langdon, E. F. Bartlett, C. N. Safford, C. L. Ayers, Robert G. Sargent, W. G. Fisher, R. Jacoby, B. F. Hathaway, Jere Dineen, H. W. Bayley, J. F. Sullivan, Job Weston, Jere Healey, T. Harrington, G. W. Hussey.

Fire Department Parade.— S. C. Reed, William Chase, W. W. Hutchins, S. T. Chase, Edgar C. Reade, G. W. Coffin, W. B. Porter.

Dinner.— Alfred Pearson, J. D. Parsons, A. W. Rantoul, R. J. Foley, L. W. Sargent.

ATHLETIC SPORTS.— Arthur Withington, F. P. Woodbury, R. L. Shepard, Stanley Besse, R. A. Pope, C. E. Fogg, J. E. Fowle, E. S. Brown, Hugo Parton, Dr. T. R. Healey.

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT. — P. A. Merrill, Rev. W. H. Ryan, W. E. Andrews, L. F. Barton, W. P. Lunt, John Burke, H. P. Macintosh.

FIREWORKS.— Irvin Besse, J. W. Sargent, C. H. Johnson.

PRINTING AND BADGES.— G. P. Tilton, R. G. Dodge, H. W. Little, P. H. Blumpey, Jr., E. P. Shaw.

TENT.— C. J. Fogg, B. G. Davis, C. F. Creeden.

DECORATIONS. — Alfred Pearson, O. F. Hatch, J. F. Sullivan, J. T. Lunt.

TRANSPORTATION AND CARRIAGES.— P. B. Jackson, William Barrett, W. F. Gillett, E. P. Shaw.

PRESS. — B. A. Appleton, F. E. Smith, J. E. Mannix, C. W. Johnson, G. R. Sargent.

OFFICIAL PROGRAM.— D. H. Fowle, Arthur Withington, W. C. Cuseck, G. P. Tilton.

YACHT RACE.— R. Jacoby, William Balch, G. F. Avery, H. W. Little, Jere Healey.

Mr. James V. Felker, treasurer of the city, was chosen treasurer of the celebration, and Mr. Henry W. Little, assistant city clerk, acted as secretary for all the committees.

The sub-committees held meetings extending over four or five months previous to the days of the celebration, and the work done was most meritorious.

The executive committee, after much debate and several changes in details, agreed to the following program:

SUNDAY, June 23.— Union service in City Hall, at 7:30, p. m., under the charge of the pastors of the various churches.

MONDAY, June 24.— Salute at sunrise.
Exercises at City Hall; oration by Hon. ALBERT E. PILLSBURY.
Dinner at 2 o'clock, in the armory.
Reception at City Hall, at 8, p. m.

TUESDAY, June 25.— Civic and military parade, at 10, a. m.
Athletic sports, at 3, p. m.
Fireworks on Washington park, in the evening.

WEDNESDAY, June 26.— Old fashioned firemen's muster.

The executive committee, also, secured the presence of the battleship Massachusetts, off the mouth of the river, through the good

offices of Hon. William H. Moody and Secretary of the Navy John D. Long. The Massachusetts was commanded by Captain H. N. Manney, and he and his officers were most cordially received and entertained, and all visitors to the battleship during its three days' stay felt welcome guests.

The following appropriations were made by the executive committee:

Medals,	$100
Salute,	30
Fireworks,	350
Sports,	250
Music,	700
Firemen's day,	550
Decorations,	450
Balloon ascension,	60
Parks (set aside for repair damage)	200
Printing,	200
Yacht race,	150
Prizes for trades procession,	50
Dinner to soldiers and sailors,	250
Extra horses for steam engines,	22.50
General staff of Captain Perkins,	30
Carriages,	150
Badges,	45
Invited guests, dinner committee	50
Towboat,	100
School children transportation,	100
Contingent fund,	300
Incidentals,	100
Grand stand,	100
	$4,337.50

The city had appropriated $2,250, and in addition to this sum the finance committee had raised over $3,000. The work of this committee was of the most laborious kind, and the members, and especially the chairmen, Mr. D. S. Burley at the beginning, and Mr. Irvin Besse after the former resigned, deserve great credit for the success attained.

Mr. George P. Tilton, as chairman of the committee on printing and badges, designed the medal which was struck to commemorate the event, and his work in preparation of the official program was most valuable. To discriminate further in mentioning those who did

preliminary work would involve too much the account of detail work. This work was so thoroughly done, however, that by Saturday, June 22, the city had such a festive appearance as it had never known before. Hundreds of wandering sons had returned, and the main streets were decorated with electric displays and flags and bunting galore. The weather alone was threatening, and Saturday and Sunday a heavy mist hung over the city.

SERVICES ON SUNDAY

SERVICES ON SUNDAY

On Sunday morning, in all the churches, there were appropriate services, and in the evening City Hall was filled with a tremendous throng. The service had been arranged by the clergymen of the city, a committee of whom,— Rev. S. C. Beane, D. D., Rev. H. C. Hovey, D. D., and Rev. Myron O. Patton,— had special charge.

The hall was handsomely decorated. Long streamers of colored bunting, fastened at the center chandelier, were draped to the balconies. Along the front of the balconies was a very pretty festooning of bunting, a delicately tinted fan-shaped drapery at the bottom being used to good effect. The walls of the hall were partially hidden behind colored bunting. Over the proscenium arch was a handsome arrangement of American flags, in the center being a design representing an eagle flying with wings wide spread. In its beak it carried a streamer, on either end of which appeared the figures "1851–1901." Over the king of birds was the word "Welcome," and beneath, "Our 50th Anniversary."

Mayor Brown presided in an able manner. Seated with him on the platform were Hon. Albert Currier, who was chairman of the board of selectmen when Newburyport was incorporated a city, of which he later served as mayor; Hon. W. A. Johnson and Hon. Elisha P. Dodge, also ex-mayors; Rev. Dr. H. C. Hovey, Rev. Richard Wright, Rev. G. H. Miner, Rev. T. James Macfaddin, Rev. E. E. Shoemaker, Rev. Frank G. Alger, Rev. Dr. S. C. Beane, Rev. Myron O. Patton, Rev. D. H. Woodard, Rev. Arthur H. Wright, Rev. H. G. Alley, Rev. Charles P. Mills, Rev. Dr. C. E. Lord, of this city; and Rev. W. F. Emery, of Prescott, Wis.; Rev. W. A. Rand, of Sea-

brook, N. H. There were also on the platform the 150 members of the Newburyport Choral Union, composed of some of the best singers of the city.

At the opening of the meeting Dr. Hovey stated that the service had been arranged by a committee of the clergy of the city, and followed this with a number of suggestions.

"America" was then sung by the Choral Union and audience, after which Mayor Brown spoke as follows:

ADDRESS OF HON. MOSES BROWN

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I have been requested by the reverend clergy who have arranged this gathering to say, at the beginning, a few words of introduction and congratulation, and I need not assure you that it gives me pleasure to do their bidding.

It is most fitting that on the eve of our anniversary we should meet together to render service of prayer and praise to Almighty God.

In His providence He has not ordained that our city should, thus far, be great in wealth or population, but He has dowered her with that far richer blessing, a good name. He has given to Newburyport a history which, reaching back through city and through town and commingling with that of old Newbury, more than 250 years in all, is, even in New England, a rare inheritance.

He has bestowed upon her nature's beauty in fairest degree, and He has blessed her with thousands of loyal sons and daughters who never forget their honorable parentage, and who, whether remaining here at home or dispersed over the wide world, are always ready to chant their mother's loveliness with filial pride; and so, tonight, they who may claim the birthright and they who are adopted children, are fitly met for song and for thanksgiving.

The order of service has been placed in every hand, and the exercises will proceed without further announcement or introduction.

I should therefore, at this time, make some reference to the gentleman who will make the address of the evening.

Mr. George Frederick Stone, of Chicago, is, as you are generally aware, of Newburyport birth. Throughout his busy life he has kept in touch with his native town. All that concerns her is very dear to him, and I doubt not he is glad to be at home with us tonight.

I know that you would wish me to express to him a hearty welcome, in the name of the city of Newburyport and in behalf of this great congregation.

Rev. T. James Macfaddin then recited the following selection, I. Corinthians, 13th chapter:

"*Gifts are nothing without charity.*"

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

The Choral Union, under the leadership of Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, sang "The heavens are telling," from Haydn's "Creation," the trio being sustained by Warren C. Stanwood, Miss Elizabeth C. Adams, and Richard G. Adams. This was followed by a prayer, offered by Rev. Myron O. Patton, of the Prospect street church, who said:

PRAYER OF REV. MYRON O. PATTON

God of our fathers, who, since time began hast presided over the destinies of Thy children, we bow before Thee tonight in grateful acknowledgment of that love and mercy which has been the hope and inspiration of our lives and of the lives of our fathers, through the years; and in worshipful adoration of Thee, who art the light and life

of men; and unto Thee we dedicate this service of thanksgiving and praise. Thou art our God; Thou art our Father; Thou hast founded the heavens and the earth; Thou art the Infinite One; none governs but Thee. Yet, all-powerful as Thou art, Thou art still the friend of man. We rejoice in Thy love; we rejoice in Thy care; we rejoice in anticipation of the joys of a fuller and freer intercourse with Thee, when we shall know Thee as Thou desirest that we should know Thee.

We thank Thee that Thou didst lead our fathers into this goodly land; and we rejoice that, through all the vicissitudes and discouragements which they were called upon to face, they trusted in Thee, and reared here their sacred altars of Truth to Thy holy name. We feel to rejoice tonight that the fathers of this ancient town laid its foundations deep in righteousness, and that the sons and daughters who have sprung from their loins have kept those foundations secure through the years, and have kept the sacred flame of worship burning upon the altars of Faith. And we thank Thee that to this day the people of our city believe "that righteousness exalteth a nation, but that sin is a reproach to any people."

Again we rejoice in the knowledge that, during the passage of the years, brotherly love and fellowship have characterized the relations of our people, one for the other, regardless of differences in religious belief and practice, and that people of all faiths have striven together to preserve the "unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace." And while we would say it in no spirit of worldly pride, yet we would not let a false humility rob us of the right to rejoice, under Thee, in the spirit of fraternity and mutual helpfulness which characterizes the intercourse between the churches today, as well as in the delightful spirit of unity in diversity which is the glory of the Christian religion.

Once more we rejoice, our Father, in the knowledge that our people have not only been a Godly people, but possessed of thrift and a generous spirit; that their interests have been as broad as human need, their sympathies as deep as the love of God, their hospitality and patriotism as boundless and fervent as they have been intelligent and sane.

For all this and much more, O God, we thank Thee, tonight. We thank Thee for our homes; we thank Thee for our churches, of all creeds; we thank Thee for our philanthropic institutions; we thank Thee for our schools; for our varied industries; for the honored names which adorn our city's history. We thank Thee for the integrity of our business men; for their unselfish efforts on behalf of our

city's welfare; for the practical charity of our churches and our many fraternal orders. We bless Thee for all that is good in our past, and beseech Thee that Thou wilt abundantly bless and guide us in the future, which is always ours. Bless the work of Thy churches in this city; bless and prosper our people in material as well as in spiritual things; bless those upon whom now rests the responsibility of our city's welfare,— the mayor and his advisors and assistants, the city government and all officials; and may the future see the door of opportunity and usefulness, in behalf of Thyself and those whom Thou hast made in Thy likeness, open to greater, grander, and more blessed things, for Thy name's sake. Amen.

The Choral Union sang the "Jerusalem" chorus from Gounod's "Gallia," Miss Elizabeth C. Adams taking the solo part, and the "Sanctus" from Gounod's "Saint Cecilia" mass, Warren C. Stanwood sustaining the solo.

Then came an address by Mr. George F. Stone, of Chicago, who spoke as follows:

ADDRESS OF GEORGE FREDERICK STONE

Mr. Mayor, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is altogether appropriate that the first note in the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of this municipality should be the note of praise to Him who was the God of our fathers and is our God,—"for whom are all things and by whom are all things," "in whose sight a thousand years are but as yesterday when it is passed, or as a watch in the night."

The law, with its instinctive perception of what the public welfare required, early made exact provision for the creation of artificial persons, styled corporations, when found advantageous and necessary, to promote by a perpetual succession, entire and forever, those rights and immunities which, if granted only to individuals, would upon their death be utterly lost and extinct.

Law is the beneficent guardian of personal rights, conserving under various forms those rights according to changing conditions in human life and society.

Fifty years ago the public needs, public spirit, and multiplying wants of Newburyport called for the exercise of corporate powers, and on May 24, 1851, the corporation under the title "City of Newburyport" was created, and on the 24th day of June, 1851, the city government was inaugurated.

Events or persons, in and of themselves, are of trifling or no significance. They become sublime and immortal only when vitally connected with an undying principle, and then only take their places in the radiant and inspiring pages of history. It was not that Mary Chilton stepped on Plymouth rock first of the company on board the Mayflower that preserved her name and gave to that act an unfading heroism, but because Mary Chilton was linked forevermore with the noblest conceptions and aspirations of manhood and womanhood, with liberty, with defiance to those, whether kings, queens, or parliaments, who would shackle conscience, deny man's natural rights, or close a single avenue of advancement to the lowliest of the human race. It is because that young girl belonged to a company of men and women who were unconquerable, who represented the hope of mankind, and who braved all for conscience sake; who were baptized with freedom and anointed from on high; to whom hardships had no terrors, if to avoid them they must stifle conscience and curb ambition; — nay, to them the time had come when privations, and indeed martyrdom itself, were sweet, if the soul could breathe its native air and gain unhindered access to Him whose service is perfect freedom. This is the reason that Peregrine White, the sweet babe of the Mayflower, is better remembered than Virginia Dare, the first child of English parents on American soil, born in the Virginia colony and granddaughter of the governor of the settlement. The chief object of the colonists under Sir Walter Raleigh was the cultivation of potatoes and tobacco. The one supreme animating object of the northern colonists of the Mayflower company was the establishment of religious freedom.

The elm tree is only one among the trees of the forest, but when Washington took command of the Continental army under the great elm in Cambridge, in 1775, that tree was clothed with immortal honors and accorded a place in history.

In this view, the city of Newburyport challenges our respect and admiration.

It is impossible to place a proper and intelligent estimate upon the history of the city without a consideration, however brief, of its pre-municipal life.

We trace with pride our origin to a patriotically pious and adventurous ancestry, composed of scholars, statesmen, soldiers, farmers, and merchants,— to a long line of clergy, who with rare fidelity and ability proclaimed the everlasting gospel of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Among those divines I would mention Jonathan Parsons, Daniel Dana, John Lowell, Thomas Carey, John Andrews,

Jonathan F. Stearns, Luther F. Dimmick, Leonard Withington, Daniel T. Fiske, Randolph Campbell, Thomas B. Fox, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Charles J. Bowen. Newbury and Newburyport were favored with instructors of a high order, the reputation of some of whom extends beyond the limits of the state. Among them were Somerby, Walsh, Page, Howard, Todd, Wells, Luther Dame, and Miss Mary Ann Shaw.

It is also worthy to be recorded on this occasion that Samuel Holden Parsons, a major general in the Revolutionary army, was a son of Rev. Jonathan Parsons, the first minister of the Old South church. General Parsons was associated with Nathan Dane and Menasseh Cutler in drafting the celebrated ordinance of 1787, against which the unscrupulous ambition and recklessness of party strife surged and beat, and surged in vain. Everlasting thanks for the wisdom which conceived, and for the fortitude and constancy which nurtured, this product of American patriotism, baptized in the name of freedom, proclaiming that in all the territory of the great and marvelous Northwest no slave trade should be carried on, and that all men living and who might choose to live where the north wind blows should breathe forever the air of freedom. This immortal document, in its scope and power, in its lofty and patriotic purpose, in its profound significance, is second only in its relation to the welfare of the people to the Declaration of Independence. The latter was a sublime announcement in the face of the ages, thundering against throne and tyrant; the former caught up the pregnant and glorious inspiration and wrote it again, in letters of living light, across the continent.

Here was born and here for many years lived William Lloyd Garrison, the great apostle of emancipation, who stood like a rock in the tempest of the "irrepressible conflict," and who with an unquenchable and sublime heroism exclaimed, in the face of a terrible hostility, "I will not retract, I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard."

Here was the home of Theophilus Parsons, Simon Greenleaf, and Caleb Cushing, whose decisions and briefs hold an important place in the science of jurisprudence, and whose learning adorns the literature of their country.

Our merchants were known in the great markets of the world, and were men of untiring industry, wise economy, and of marked ability, and who possessed a native grace and dignity of manner which gave them entrance into the most favored circles, and who commanded universal respect.

A city is not great because it is big, but because of its men and its women. From them are derived the sources of its strength and its prosperity. This country is not great merely because of its prairies and mountains and great lakes, but because of its men.

Athens was not great because of its population, wealth, or trade, but because of Socrates, Pericles, Demosthenes, Phidias, and Aristides, who have carried its fame down through the centuries.

Our character is the crystallization of our national history. From the loins of our illustrious past, Mr. Mayor, sprung the worthy and distinguished descendant whose fiftieth birthday we celebrate.

It is not my province to recount in detail the history of the old town or of the city; that will be given by those far better qualified than myself for the interesting and fascinating task.

Marvelous changes have taken place during the last fifty years, which comprise by far the most eventful period of the history of our country. Since 1851 thirteen states have been admitted to the union, comprising 3,616,484 acres, 2,431,508 acres more than were comprised in the original thirteen states. The population of the United States in 1850 was 23,000,000; in 1900, 76,000,000. The number of miles of railroad in this country has increased from 10,982, in 1851, to 190,000, in 1900. There are more miles of railroad in the state of Illinois than were in the union in 1851.

Our exports of domestic merchandise in 1851 amounted in value to about $179,000,000, and in 1900, $1,371,000,000. Our total exports and imports during the year 1851 amounted in value to $400,000,000, and in 1900 to $2,224,000,000. The aggregate length of wire operated by telephone is estimated to be, in round numbers, 1,500,000 miles. The number of miles of wire used for telegraphic communication is over 1,100,000. The number of messages sent over these wires in the year 1900 aggregated about 70,000,000. I do not propose to dwell at length upon statistics. I have mentioned these few as sufficient to indicate the remarkable development that has taken place in this country in mercantile and industrial circles during the last fifty years.

Caleb Cushing was the first mayor of the new city. Public spirit was revived, but nothing except ordinary municipal events occurred until 1861, when the firing upon Sumter startled the North, and the call of President Lincoln for 75,000 troops imposed upon the city the discharge of grave responsibilities. Newburyport, true to her history, promptly responded to the call. Among the first, if not the very first, of those to report for duty was Captain Albert W. Bartlett and his company. This gallant soldier, with the men he could muster,

marched to the Eastern railroad depot early in the morning of the day after the call was made,— a drizzling, gloomy morning,— and proceeded to Boston, reporting to our great war governor, John A. Andrew. The city filled its quota, and stood loyally by the government throughout the war,— from 1861 to 1865. The Newburyport men were in the thick of the conflict, and bore themselves, without exception, with honor to themselves and the city which they represented. I well remember Captain Bartlett, a gentlemanly soldier, refined and graceful in his bearing, slight in form, modest in his every attitude, affable and winning in his intercourse with his fellow men; of few words, yet always responsive; of pleasing expression, of unfailing courtesy; free from even a suggestion of ostentation. He impressed me as a man who would unflinchingly do his duty at any cost. He was of light complexion and of erect carriage. He gave himself to his country. He was shot at Antietam.

"Soldier, rest, thy warfare o'er,—
Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking,
Dream of battle-fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.

I dare not undertake to mention the names of others who marched to the war for fear of doing injustice to some. Troops and troops of names come flocking up and crowding the avenues of my memory.

The imperishable part of a nation's history is her military record. Tariffs, army bills, navy bills have their importance, and occupy their appropriate prominence in the annals of a country. The rise and fall of political parties, the progress of various reforms in church and state, fierce discussions in halls of justice and legislation, all constitute an essential part of a people's greatness, filling the historic pages and making up her record for the guidance of future statesmen and rulers. These are preserved chiefly upon the shelves of libraries and in institutions of learning; they are not burnt into the hearts of a people and kept as a precious legacy from a sacred past. When all other mementos of remote time shall fall into oblivion, when legislators, statesmen, authors, jurists, merely as such, lie forgotten, the memory of battles lost and won, of valor on sea and on land, of great captains and heroic soldiers will retain its glory; aye, will gather brightness as it rolls down the years of time, scattering sparks of inspiration among the generations as they come and go.

How many pages of English history are forgotten while are remembered the names that were not born to die: of the youthful

Black Prince Edward and Henry V.; of Cromwell and Wellington; the battle-fields of Crecy and Agincourt, of Dunbar and Waterloo! So throughout all time, in sacred and profane history, while, one after another, events great and small will be torn away from memory's grasp, still she will cling with an eternal fondness and pride to the principle and to instances of self-sacrifice and enduring valor. The principle of self-sacrifice is intensely and divinely vital in itself; hence every action animated by it will survive the lapse of time. Its greatest and most complete fulfillment is in the life and death of Him who breathed these words of exalted patriotism, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

The period from 1861 to 1865 was a momentous one, and its events almost wholly absorbed the energies of the people of the North. During this eventful time was recorded in ineffaceable and living characters the history of Lincoln, and Grant, and Sherman, and Sheridan; of Farragut and Porter; of Logan, and Custer, and Thomas, and Meade; of the history of the campaigns of the armies of the Potomac, of the Cumberland and the West; of the march to the sea; of Shiloh; of Vicksburg; of forts Henry and Donelson; of Fisher's hill and Cedar creek; of sieges, and battles, and skirmish lines; of days of danger and nights of waking; of partings of lovers and maidens, of farewells of husbands and wives; of the proclamation of Abraham Lincoln giving freedom to four millions of a persecuted race, and wiping forever from the national escutcheon the blot of human slavery; of Gettysburg and of Appomattox; of the downfall of a rebellion as wicked as ever stained the annals of any people; of a reunited country, and of the perpetuity of the union with its countless and unspeakable and eternal blessings;—and this record shall never fade away; it shall grow brighter and brighter as the years go by. When time shall be no more; when all things transitory shall have passed away; when the last sound on earth has been stilled; then the bells of heaven will ring in commemoration of American patriotism and the undying fame of the American soldier.

Where can be found in all the history of adventure or knighthood anything more thrilling or heroic than Greely's expedition to the north pole? The world was amazed at its revelations, and all nations paid high tribute to his unfaltering, undismayed, and sublime courage. His spirit rose to every dreadful emergency, and true to the highest ideals, true to itself, triumphed over every form of suffering, and never surrendered or quailed in the face of untold and unimaginable horrors. All honor to Brigadier General Adolphus W. Greely, of Newburyport!

From 1868 to 1882 the public library, founded by Josiah Little in 1854, received valuable donations of books and money; the names of the donors will be given in subsequent proceedings. The reading room was established by the liberality of William C. Todd, who on several occasions has shown a deep and wise interest in the welfare of his fellow men by many munificent donations, chiefly among which is the gift of $50,000 and a valuable piece of real estate for the endowment of a hospital.

We are justly proud of Newburyport; of her sons and her daughters; of their scholarship, their courage, their patriotism, and their piety.

"As the shell upon the mountain's height sings of the sea,—
So do I ever — leagues and leagues away,—
So do I ever, wandering where I may be —
Sing, oh my home, sing, oh my home of thee!"

But, Mr. Mayor, while we rejoice in the progress of the city, and the many improvements which during the fifty years have been made, and the wise administration of its affairs by its successive chief magistrates, we are yet pleased to remember that some things have not changed. "Its meadows and marshes, in some places three miles broad," made known in the mother country by one William Wood, who returned to England in 1635 after four years' residence in Massachusetts, are about the same. Oldtown hill and Plum Island sound, and the spot on the northern bank of Parker river where, one morning in the spring of 1635, Nicholas Noyes first leaped on shore, have not materially changed since that date, 266 years ago.

"Still the old tempests rage around the mountains,
And ocean billows as of old appear.
The roaring wood and the resounding fountains
Time hath not silenced in his long career.
For nature is the same as e'er."

It is a delight to look out on the wide, great sea, and across the meadows and over the oozing marshes; to hear the waters gurgling in and out of creeks and inlets along the graceful, grassy shore; to see comfortable haystacks in simple beauty set; to smell the new hay as it goes pitching into big barns; to look at stout oxen, thoughtful-eyed, standing in the fields, patient, ready, and determined; to watch the cows carrying home huge, swinging bags of milk at the close of a long summer day, now and then stopping in the dusty road to slash her leathery tongue against a savage greenhead, and then with a quiet,

gentle dignity walk with measured step to some roadside pool to cool her limbs and wet her slimy chops. The lowing herd winding up the low walled lane goes swinging into long barns, through which ocean breezes sweep, then filing to their stalls, munch and crunch the rich and succulent stalks gathered from the corn field near by. Now, how relishing and ravishing the myriad sounds, sounds that just precede the nightfall and usher in the restful hours for man and beast and bird. Great shadows from darkening sky are softly covering moor and mountain, and the world, like a tired mother, is falling asleep. Here come milkers, sturdy boys and girls, who have just come from studying Xenophon's Anabasis, conic sections, plane and spherical trigonometry, and who will be poets, painters, philosophers, statesmen, and jurists. I can hear the straight streams of milk drumming the bottoms of shiny pails, while the sleek and sleepy, kindly creatures look dreamily and dozily content. Soon the white foam is looking over the rims of deep pails, and the ruddy milkers go sauntering to the old vine-clad farm house. The farmer, brown and hearty, glows with happiness and health —

> "His wealth is health and perfect ease,
> And conscience clear his chief defense."

I can hear the melody from the white-throated bobolink, pouring over emerald wave and dewy mead; the song sparrow thrilling through the hours: the warbling thrush from yonder bush singing an evening hymn. The sea gull, sailing inland, spreading its reaching wings, seems to ponder upon the loveliness of the scene.

> "Glad pulse in nature's seething, tidal voice,
> It knocks at my heart's door and bids my soul rejoice."

Mr. Mayor, Newburyport, I believe, will continue to advance in all that makes for the highest civilization. Her sons and her daughters in the generations to come will be worthy of their ancestry only as they are loyal to the great principles which guided the fathers. The congratulations, the demonstrations of the hour will ere long fade away and be forgotten, but the principles upon which our fathers builded will remain. Let us not forget that —

"Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it. Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."

Let us remember that

"The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice —
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!"

EXERCISES ON SECOND DAY

WAR DEPARTMENT
LIBRARY.

EXERCISES ON SECOND DAY

A mist hung over the city on Sunday evening, and the battleship Massachusetts was awaited with anxiety. The people of the city were awakened on Monday morning by the booming of cannon which welcomed the anniversary and the sun. A salute of fifty guns was being fired on Washington park by John Dow and Charles W. Page. The church bells soon added their chimes to the jubilation, and the whole city was awake.

The pealing of bells and cannon had scarcely ceased before the fire alarm sounded a special signal that the battleship Massachusetts was off the bar. At 7:30 o'clock in the morning the steamer Cygnet, — with the chairman of the reception committee, President Withington of the board of aldermen; Judge T. C. Simpson: Alderman Luther Dame; ex-Aldermen Jere Healey, Irvin Besse, and James F. Carens; Mr. George P. Tilton, Mr. H. R. Perkins, Mr. Arthur L. Huse, City Marshal F. L. Lattime, Captain Patrick Creeden; Mr. W. C. Coffin, of the Herald, and other newspaper representatives,— went down the river to greet the guests from the navy.

By direction of Executive Officer Baker, of the Massachusetts, the diminutive Cygnet was soon safely housed under the shelter of the mighty warship, and soon the committee selected to welcome the visitors ascended the steps, where President Withington extended to Captain Manney, in a few well chosen words, the freedom of the city during his stay in this vicinity.

Accompanying President Withington was Judge Simpson, of the special invitation committee, and Alderman Dame, of the general invitation committee.

Captain Manney accepted this evidence of good will on the part of the citizens of Newburyport, and invited the representatives to his cabin, where arrangements were made and the several features of the anniversary were talked over.

The officers of the Massachusetts were unable to attend the forenoon exercises at City Hall. Later in the day Messrs. George W. Langdon, Nathaniel N. Jones, Arthur P. Brown, Grosvenor T. Blood, and Timothy Herlihy, of the reception committee, took the Cygnet and brought ashore Captain H. N. Manney, Lieutenant Commander Roy C. Smith, Lieutenant George R. Salisbury, Captain of Marines Harry Lee, Lieutenant C. J. Lang, Paymaster W. G. Littell, Assistant Surgeon B. L. Wright, Ensign L. Shane, Ensign Ward Kenneth Wortman, and Ensign C. Deligeorges of the royal Greek navy.

Commemorative exercises were held at City Hall, beginning about 10:30, Monday.

Mayor Brown presided, and with him on the platform were the following invited guests; Lieutenant Governor Bates; Congressman W. H. Moody; Hon. A. E. Pillsbury, of Boston; ex-Mayor John J. Laskey, of Portsmouth; M. D. Toppan, president of the board of aldermen of Brockton; Representative Moody Kimball, of Newburyport; Representative Pettingell, of Salisbury; Representative Brown, of Ipswich; Representative Davis, of Amesbury; Hon. Harvey N. Shepard, of Boston; Charles W. Ordway, Richard Newell, and Sam. Rogers, selectmen of West Newbury; Richard T. Noyes, Claude H. Tarbox, and Charles A. Cheney, selectmen of Newbury; C. O. Noyes, chairman of the selectmen of Georgetown; George A. Schofield, chairman of the selectmen of Ipswich; Hon. Albert Currier, Hon. John J. Currier, Hon. William A. Johnson, Hon. Thomas C. Simpson, Hon. J. Otis Winkley, Hon. Elisha P. Dodge, Hon. Orrin J. Gurney, Hon. George H. Plumer, ex-mayors of Newburyport; Rev. Arthur J. Teeling, of Lynn; Alexander Pattilo, of Gloucester; Austin A. Spofford, of Lawrence; Captain Edmund Bartlett, member of the first board of fire engineers; President Arthur Withington of the board of aldermen; President Robert G. Dodge of the common coun-

cil; and the following other members of the reception committee: City Solicitor J. C. M. Bayley, N. N. Jones, Esq., Rev. Dr. H. C. Hovey; James F. Carens and Arthur P. Brown, ex-presidents of the common council; Grosvenor T. Blood, Alderman Luther Dame, ex-Alderman Charles L. Perkins, Captain William H. Bayley, Mr. Nathaniel Appleton, Captain Lawrence W. Brown; also, Rev. Dr. S. C. Beane; Mr. N. N. Withington; and the Newburyport Choral Union, Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, director.

The guests and reception committee were escorted to seats on the stage by City Messenger Frank H. Rundlett.

The program opened with an overture, "The Beautiful Galatea," Suppe, by Nason's orchestra, D. P. Nason, leader.

Rev. Dr. Samuel C. Beane, of the Unitarian church, offered prayer, as follows:

PRAYER OF REV. DR. SAMUEL C. BEANE

O God! Thou hast been our dwelling place through all generations. Year after year and century upon century Thine almighty and unfailing care has been over the sons of men, Thy children. Beneath Thy providence they have gathered themselves into communities, have established order and engaged in mutual helpfulness and learned the enjoyment of common tasks and the bestowal of mutual benefits, and progressing to nobler manhood and brotherhood, have given new value to Thy great gift of life.

We gather here today to thank Thee on this anniversary for the inestimable social estate that has fallen to our possession. We bless Thee, O Thou Infinite Giver, for the memory of the faithful men and women who long ago planted this settlement by the river and the sea; for their strong souls and brave virtues, whereby the beginning of civilized life here became honorable and fraught with good results; for the ventures of our fathers on land and sea that enlarged their minds and brought comfort and competence to their homes; for their religious convictions and hopes that cheered the hardships of their days and proudly forecast the future of those that should come after them; for the good name and fame which gave to the founders and their children a high place among the inhabitants of the land; and for the inestimable inheritance of integrity and learning, of freedom and opportunity, into which it is our privilege to enter.

Today we rejoice in this city of our love, the late fruit of the fathers' planting; for its beneficent government, for the good and true men who gave shape and value to our municipal charter, and who early entered into the administration of our civic affairs; and we pray that their examples and the rich estate they have left to us may be sacredly esteemed and cherished. May good and able men always serve us, not for themselves but for the people. May the demagogue and the self-seeker have no place in our public affairs. May every high office reflect the high ideal for which it stands.

O God of the fathers, God of Thy present children, help us all as citizens to demand and further the things that make for purity and peace, for moral ideal and religious principle, for human dignity, honor, and good will; and whether our city in numbers be great or small, illustrious or obscure, may it be increasingly characterized by the nobleness of its people, and its efficiency in the highest and most precious things that men can strive for, that thus our influence may contribute to the divine force in the world. May our children and children's children be nourished by wisdom, purity, and virtue. May all our good institutions have Thy constant blessing and our unsleeping devotion.

O God, the scepter of Thy kingdom is a righteous scepter. Thou lovest righteousness and hatest wickedness. May there be no unholy violence among us, no hurtful discords. May there be no complaining in our streets.

And now we turn to Thee as the exhaustless fountain of all our good thus far, of all our hopes and promises for the years to come. May our thanksgivings and rejoicings be so pure and sincere that they shall be acceptable to Thee. For Thine we are, and Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever. Amen.

Mayor Brown then delivered the following address of welcome:

ADDRESS OF WELCOME BY MAYOR BROWN

Ladies and Gentlemen:

We are assembled on this summer morning to celebrate a golden jubilee. Just fifty years ago this day and hour, and within these walls, the first city government of Newburyport was organized.

I make no mention here of the causes which impelled our fathers to give up the ancient, simple form of local government which, in principle, they had inherited through more than thirty generations. I shall not dwell upon the issues or the circumstances of the first elec-

tion, except in one particular. The people sent their best of manhood, their best of citizenship, to that first council.

Its head was General Caleb Cushing, then lately returned from the war with Mexico. The career of that famous man is familiar history. In the decade preceding the war he had represented the Essex district during several terms in the national congress; he had been minister to China. At the time of the incorporation he was a member of the general court, and subsequently, in the cabinet of a president, and in diplomatic missions of the highest order in foreign lands, he served his country well. It is, therefore, with especial and peculiar pride that on this anniversary morning we recall his honored name and memory.

There were many men of note and substance in that council. I make allusion here to one other only, their sole survivor; he is among the most honored of our guests. I may not pronounce his name but you know it well, and you rejoice with me that he bears his years serenely, with every mental faculty intact, and you know that the best interests of his native town have always been, as they are today, close to his ever youthful heart.

The limit of the time and the nature of the duty assigned to me do not permit of further speech in this direction. I could not forbear, however, some reference to their quality who, fifty years ago, met and deliberated here.

It is my privilege to welcome you, mine to express the greeting which old Newburyport extends to her returning children, and to her other guests, who from every quarter have come up to keep the feast.

I believe there is no sentiment or instinct save that of kindred blood more deeply rooted in the human breast than that which binds man to his place of birth. By choice or stress of circumstances he may go far afield, yet time, nor distance, nor misfortune, nor even great success shall efface the memory of his early home or wean him from affectionate, loyal attachment to his native soil.

With this conviction strong within me, and doubting not a quick response in every heart, I welcome, I salute you, for the native born.

And I would add a further word of greeting, not less true and warm, in behalf of those other of our people who, born elsewhere, have cast in their lot with ours, quickening our blood, infusing health and vigor into every department of our social and business life.

They of whom I speak have come to us with dearest memories of other homes, remote or near in our own land or in far countries beyond the seas. Those memories they will cherish always, but today

they and the native born are one,— one in high pride in our city's old renown; one in strong aspiration for its present and its future honor; and one in the heartfelt welcome which we now extend to you, our kindred, our neighbors, and our friends.

The Choral Union, Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, director, sang the "Soldiers' Chorus" from "Faust," Gounod, and then Rev. Dr. H. C. Hovey, of the Old South church, read the following scriptural selection:

A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid. Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain. The Lord came down to see the city, and the tower, which the children of men builded. And the Lord said, Behold the people is one, and they have all one language, and this they begin to do; and now nothing will be restrained from them which they have imagined to do. So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth.

And the Lord said unto Abraham, if I find fifty righteous within the city, then I will spare all the place for their sakes. For by faith Abraham looked for a city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. For he endured, as seeing him who is invisible. And the word of the Lord came unto Jonah, saying, Arise, go unto Nineveh, that great city, and preach unto it the preaching that I bid thee. The men of Nineveh shall rise in judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it, because they repented at the preaching of Jonah, and behold a greater than Jonah is here.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee. Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together, whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord. The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage. As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people from henceforth even forever. Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High. God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved; God shall help her, and that right early.

Look upon the city of our solemnities. There the glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams. My people shall dwell in a peaceable habitation, and in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting places. And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

Behold I come quickly; hold fast that which thou hast, that no man take thy crown. Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God; and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God. And the city lieth four square; and the twelve gates are twelve pearls; and the streets of the city pure gold as it were transparent glass. And the nations of them that are saved shall walk in the light of it; and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honor into it.

I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last. Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city. Amen.

The Choral Union sang "America," the audience joining, and then His Honor Mayor Brown said:

Ladies and Gentlemen: — At this point I have the pleasure to announce the reading of a poem which has been composed for the occasion by Mr. Lothrop Withington, now resident in London. The absence of the gifted author is deeply to be regretted, but I am happy to say that the appointed reader is the writer's father, our honored townsman, Mr. Nathan Noyes Withington, whom I now have the honor of presenting to the audience.

Mr. Withington read the following poem:

POEM BY LOTHROP WITHINGTON

Know ye not the pleasant valley
Where the river Parker windeth
Through the mossy rocks and marshes
To the ocean's angry edge?
As upon the hill you sally,
Long your eye delights to dally
On the stretch of farm and woodland,
Desert sands and teeming good land,
Rainbow maples, oaks, and willows,
Greenest pines and bluest billows,
Purest gold of shore embossing,
Flashing silver tidal-tossing
Dreamy hints of far off mountains,
Winding threads from nature's fountains,
Orchards, cornfields, pastures fallow,
Which the setting sunbeams hallow
With a glow the Norseman knows not,
'Neath a sky which Capri shows not;
All the beauties earth can muster,
All the thoughts the mind can cluster
'Round an Eden un-evicted,
Here suggested, here depicted!
O'er this dreamland of the lover
Long the soul will seek to hover,
Like the purple-breasted plover
Ere awhile he darts to cover
In the salty sedge.

In the days of England's splendor,
Ere her spirit, young and buoyant,
Had succumb'd to poison'd virus
Of the money-grubbing crew;
When her tone was true and tender,
Not of seller nor of lender;
When her soldiers fought for freedom,
And the gallant hearts to lead 'em
Fired were by hope eternal,
Not by lust of pelf infernal;
When her prophets, fiercely earnest,
Flash'd the light which still thou burnest
As, full sick with cant and cunning,
Thou'd'st regale in right's rare sunning;
When her poets, madly mirthful,
Fill'd our sad and dull old earth full
Of the music of the heavens
And tongue-tingling truth which leavens
Ev'ry human clod to waken,
That all shackles may be shaken;
In those days of grand emotion,
O'er the wilful Western Ocean
Came a daring band of brothers,
Fathers, daughters, sisters, mothers,
Sons, with kinsman, friend, or neighbor,
Now to build by homely labor,
Not by rapine's flashing saber,
Freedom — here a new-born babe — her
Citadel anew!

Here upon the slope they landed,
Bold of heart and strong of sinew
Choicest cullings from the vineyard
Of rare England's growth.
Though they're now but mystic grand dead,
Yet their likeness hath been handed
Down the ages from their haunches
In their ever-spreading branches,
Bred in many storms and stresses,
With the stolen, snatch'd caresses,
From true lives who, in that brave age,
Fac'd the forest and the savage,
Ev'ry peril, pang, and hardship,
With the faith divine of wardship.
'Mid that band were some who foremost,
Hieing homewards, brunt they bore most
When their country's call resounded,—
When, with phalanx of the Roundhead,
Marston's moor and Naseby's battle

Sunk the pride of kingly cattle,—
Sat in Cromwell's proud alliance,
Sending forth o'er earth defiance,
And a thrill of warning terror
Unto ignorance and error
And oppression's brutal fetters;
Making ev'ry age their debtors!
Vainly would we seek their betters;
While their actions only let us
Humbly own our sloth!

Not for long the nestling village
By the modest Parker's current
Could contain the ardent exiles
And their blossoming seed;
Roaming, not for wanton pillage
But in honest toil and tillage,
Soon they sought the stately river
Which is rolling down forever
From the snowy granite fastness
To the awful tidal vastness.
There, beside the daily battle
Of the waters, and the rattle
Of the sandbars, never ceasing,
Oft to hoarse halloo increasing,
Builded they their beauteous borough,
Set with many a sigh of sorrow,
Many a pulse of joy ecstatic,
Many an effort, fierce, fanatic,
Many a hope betray'd and wither'd,
Many a garland grandly gathered;
Seeking footsteps of the sages,
Making paean for the ages,
Shaming Grecian, shaming Roman,
By a prophet voice to show man,
Be it friend or be it foeman,
There shall come the time when no man
But from chains is freed!

Borough of beloved birthright,
With thy fairest front uplifting,
And thine earnest eyes, still shaded,
Peering forth for deathless truth,
Setting all the wrong old earth right,
Thou hast to thy day of mirth right.
Bitter oft as thy bereavement,
Proud hath been thy great achievement!
As unmatched thy prows in prowess,
Foremost in the race thy vow is.

Sea and shore thy triumphs witness;
Calm and storm display thy fitness.
When apostate England's standard
Symboliz'd the spoiler's vanguard,
In thy mind remembrance quenching,
From thy heart allegiance wrenching,
First thy tones for freedom sounded,
First thy sons the foe confounded!
And again, when the betrayer,
Mouthing Freedom, sought to slay her,
'Twas thy voice unmask'd the juggle,
'Twas thy hand, o'er all the struggle,
Scorning, 'mid the blood and slaughter,
Vain revenge, vile passion's daughter,
And the vainer precepts taught her,
Steer'd fair Freedom's bark, and brought her
To triumphant sooth!

Children of the sea-swept borough!
Children of the ancient exiles!
Children's children's children's children
From the fierce-mouth'd Merrimac!
Deep forever be your furrow!
And your motto still be "Thorough!"
And your faith in man's redemption
From all wrongs, without exemption,
Be your rock of race religion;
Standing bold that hopeful bridge on,
Give to ev'ry fellow mortal,
Halting at the mind's high portal,
Hope and courage, cheer and comfort,
Not like spik'd guns of a dumb fort.
While ye roam the wide earth's circuit,
Where the deed is, dare not shirk it!
From our breasts all dwarfings banish
Bred of creeds confin'd and clannish!
With one flash of recognition,
Let each pass upon his mission!
Though a secret bond unite us,
Let it but for man incite us!
Let our borough still be nameless,
That its record may be blameless!
Ape not bloated lives so shameless
Which of true renown may claim less
In the ages glancing back!

WAR DEPARTMENT
LIBRARY.

HON. ALBERT E. PILLSBURY,

ORATOR OF THE OCCASION.

Herbert E. Card, of the orchestra, played a bell solo, after which Mayor Brown introduced the orator of the day, Hon. Albert E. Pillsbury, of Boston, in the following words:

Ladies and Gentlemen: — I am about to present the orator of the day. As I do so I must needs express the satisfaction that is felt by the committee and throughout our community that the gentleman who is to deliver the address is one of ourselves — of good, old Newbury stock, connected by his ancestry and his living kindred very closely with our city and our noble mother town. We would extend to him a hearty personal welcome.

I have the honor to present the Honorable Albert E. Pillsbury, of Boston.

ADDRESS OF HON. ALBERT E. PILLSBURY

Ladies and Gentlemen:

The event which we celebrate today, the new birth of the town into a city, is more than a change in the form of government. Cities were the earliest seats of what we call civilization. "Civis" — the citizen — was a title of honor. The walled city was the stronghold and defence of learning and the arts. The ancient world survives in the history of its cities. To us it is little more than Ilium, Babylon, Carthage, Athens, Rome. Cities were and are the centers of wealth and power. They are the distinguished members of the state. So the admission of a town into the sisterhood of cities has an interest and significance beyond that which attends the mere increase of numbers. It is the opening of a new day. The community takes a higher rank, and with it every inhabitant acquires a new distinction. The local pride and public spirit of a home-loving people naturally unite to set apart such an event for public commemoration.

Newburyport has another and a peculiar reason for observing it. This anniversary is more than the mere recurrence of a date. Fifty years ago a new town had

begun to arise here, on the foundations of the old; a town of different interests, different customs, largely of different people. The city charter marked the full opening of the new industrial age, of which half a century is now completed.

The celebration of these civic anniversaries may mean much or little, according to the spirit which inspires it. They are natural halting-places in the procession of events, where we stop and look backward a moment over our course. But we move forward, not backward. Such a day is not for idle boasting, as one who putteth off his harness. It is a day to look forward, and to gird up the strength for new tasks; fortunate they who can look forward with tranquil eyes. If Newburyport were a decaying city, her character gone, her enterprise extinct, her great history but a perishing memory; if we could not look to the past without regret nor to the future without apprehension; this would be an idle and unmeaning holiday, soon over and soon forgotten. But if, on the other hand, we find in the record of fifty years, and in forecast of the years to come, that which will sustain hope, strengthen confidence, and stimulate courage; if our holiday banners are the ensigns of an advancing march, and our bells and cannon speak with the voice of resolve no less than exultation; nay, if taking counsel even of our mistakes, we can gather from the experience of the past new wisdom for the benefit of the future, then indeed will this be no empty celebration, but a day to be marked and remembered in the city's calendar.

I ask leave to speak here as one of this family. When Edward Rawson, town clerk and local magistrate of Newbury, removed to Boston in 1651 to take the place of Colonial Secretary, he sold his homestead on the "country road," now High street, to my first ancestor in

this country, whose lineal descendants have possessed it down to this day. I regret that his only claim to peculiar distinction seems to have been in getting himself fined, in the sum of "one noble," for his part in that thirty-years war which shook the foundations of old Newbury church, the Parker-Woodman controversy. But he stood for the rule of the majority, and time has vindicated him. Three generations of my ancestors, and many more of my kindred, have mingled their bones with your soil. All of my name and family in America look to this spot as the cradle of their race in the new world. It is no unlineal hand that I extend to you in embracing the opportunity to acknowledge, if I cannot repay, the natural debt which we all owe to the home of our fathers.

It was an ancient superstition that great events are attended by storms and portents. Those who observe such things may like to recall that in the midst of the movements at the state capital which brought this city into existence, in the spring of 1851, a great tempest swept over this region, the like of which, according to local tradition, was never known here before. Probably most of us will agree that no special significance or effect upon the fortunes of Newburyport is to be ascribed to this convulsion of nature. There is another contemporaneous fact of more interest which did affect them. It was only a narrow chance, hardly more than an accident as it now appears, that gave birth to this city. It will not be without interest to relate how the event came about which furnishes the occasion for this festival.

On the fourteenth day of January, 1851, Abner Kenistón and one hundred and eighty-four others, "inhabitants of that part of Newbury called Belleville parish," presented to the General Court their petition, praying that "the territory aforesaid, bounded southeasterly by New-

buryport, from the Merrimac river to Anvil Rock in common pasture, being the southwesterly corner of Newburyport, and thence by a straight line to the northeasterly corner of Newbury in Birchen meadow, may be set off from Newbury and incorporated into a town by the name of Belleville."

This was the latest in a long series of applications to the legislature by the people of Newburyport or adjacent parts of Newbury, indicating discontent with their situation under the act of 1764, by which Newburyport was made a town of an area variously stated at from six hundred and thirty to six hundred and forty-seven acres, the smallest ever known to the province or commonwealth. The prosperous village of Newburyport had soon overflowed these narrow borders. This overflow, bound to Newburyport in interest but to Newbury in law, was a disturbing element in the old agricultural town. There was jealousy and bickering in the management of its affairs, between the men who plowed the land and the men who plowed the sea. Petitions for annexation of parts of Newbury to Newburyport were presented to the legislatures of 1794, 1821, 1827, 1832, 1834, 1835, 1843, and 1847, without success. In 1828 some inhabitants of Belleville, or the "fifth parish," asked for incorporation as a separate town, to which Newbury assented; but others asked for annexation to Newburyport, and both movements were defeated. In 1846 the legislature was asked to reunite Newbury and Newburyport, but Newbury would not have you.

Upon the petition for the incorporation of the town of Belleville, in 1851, notice was ordered to Newbury, and on February 8th the town voted not to oppose it. In this petition, and this action of the town of Newbury upon it, there was a large possibility that Newburyport

might never come into existence as a city. The only surviving member of the legislative committee on towns of that year* is authority for the statement that upon first consideration of this petition it appeared that the differences of three-quarters of a century between Newburyport and Newbury were likely to be merged in the new town of Belleville. In this posture of affairs, a seemingly trifling intervention changed, in hardly more than a day, the whole course of events and of your future history.

The incorporation of cities in Massachusetts had been undertaken reluctantly and with many doubts, which even a constitutional amendment hardly quieted, and not until the town-meeting of Boston, with forty thousand inhabitants, had become an unmanageable body. But Salem and Lowell had followed in 1836, Cambridge in 1846, New Bedford in 1847, Worcester in 1848, Lynn in 1850, and by 1851 the movement was well under way. To Caleb Cushing, then representing Newbury in the legislature, it was suggested by the legislative committee that it would be more in line with current events to enlarge Newburyport and give it a city charter than to create another small town. It would seem that the committee suspended action upon the Keniston petition, that Mr. Cushing might seize the opportunity to make Newburyport a city.

Apparently he lost no time in acting upon this hint. On February 13th he presented a memorial of Jacob Merrill and twenty-two others, who had signed the Keniston petition, withdrawing from it their names and support; a remonstrance of Francis Lord and seventy-three other residents against it; and a similar remonstrance from Sarah Little and eleven other women residents, declaring that "although unused by our former habits

* Hon. James Dinsmoor, of Lowell.

and the customs of the country to active interest in political or municipal affairs, yet we believe it to be our right, and feel it to be our duty, to express our opinions and wishes upon this question." To this early but active assertion of woman's rights this city may owe its existence. Two days later these remonstrances were followed by a petition of Moses Pettingell and one hundred and one others, residents of the Ridge and Joppa, and two days later still by a similar petition of William Goodwin and forty-nine others, residents of the westerly part of Newbury, for annexation of their territory to Newburyport. February 19th, immediately following these petitions and remonstrances, and apparently in pursuance of an understanding with the committee, the petitioners for the town of Belleville were given leave to withdraw. Upon the petitions for annexation, notice was ordered to Newbury and Newburyport, which voted their assent. The annexation bill was reported April 3d, and became a law April 17th. One week later Newburyport appointed, in town-meeting, a committee of ten, headed by Mr. Cushing, to apply for a city charter. Their petition was presented the following day, and a charter was reported May 1st, which became a law May 24th by the approval of Governor George S. Boutwell, who remains among us, full of years and honors, to witness the fiftieth anniversary of the act. June 3d the charter was accepted by the inhabitants, June 16th city officers were elected, and June 24th, fifty years ago this day, the new government was organized, and Newburyport took her place among the cities of the commonwealth.

The new city paid her newly-annexed inhabitants the appropriate compliment of selecting from their number, as the first mayor, that remarkable man whose hand had been so active in procuring the charter. The

versatile genius of Caleb Cushing was never more strikingly illustrated than at this period when, within the space of a year and a half, he is found filling in succession the offices of representative in the legislature, mayor of Newburyport, justice of the supreme judicial court, and attorney general of the United States. Of his colleagues in the original city government of 1851, your esteemed fellow-citizen, Philip K. Hills, alone survives to join in this commemoration.

The city of Newburyport stands out against an historic background, the like of which, in richness of color and variety of interest, belongs to few cities even of this ancient and historic commonwealth. To the eye of the native or descendant it reflects all the hues of this radiant nimbus. The very sound of the name stirs the historic imagination. Without any artificial advantage, never a capital nor even a county-seat, the capital itself hardly excels this city in wealth of historic memories.

Fortunately it is not left to me to relate her history. It is written in the pages of Cushing, his first published work; in Coffin's history of the Newburys, that New England classic, to which all paths of antiquarian research finally lead; in the later work of Euphemia Vale Smith; in the "Reminiscences of a Nonagenarian," a picture, perfect as a cameo, of the actual daily life of the people of old Newburyport; and in that sumptuous volume in which a worthy son and citizen here present* has painted with the hand of affection, for the delight of posterity, the men and scenes hallowed by local tradition, now disappeared or disappearing. The muse of Whittier has cast her spell upon it. It has been sung in the verse of native

* Ex-Mayor John James Currier.

poets, and recited by orators on many occasions — and yet the whole story of Newburyport has never been told. We cannot turn from the picture without a passing glance, nor can we rightly view the city of today without a brief retrospect, however imperfect, of the events which gave it birth.

The history of Newburyport falls naturally into four principal divisions: the colonial period, of settlement and natural growth, of Puritan theology, witchcraft, earthquakes, and the first promptings of freedom, leading up to the incorporation of the town in 1764; the days of the old town in its prosperity, from the close of the Revolution to the great fire and the war of 1812; the years of doubt and discouragement that followed, from which the town emerged with the beginning of manufactures, culminating in the birth of the city; and the half-century now completed. We cannot separate the early history of Newburyport from that of old Newbury, nor make a distinct partition of its honors or memories between them. If a Solomon came to that judgment, each would have it remain one and indivisible. But our Newbury and West Newbury neighbors will indulge us in the recollection that much, perhaps most, that is remarkable in the history of the old town was enacted on this spot, and so is justly part of the heritage and possessions of Newburyport, and as such we must claim the right to speak of it; a claim the more readily to be conceded as we cannot take their history from them though taking it to ourselves.

The situation of the town favored both inland trade and foreign commerce,—"terra marique" is appropriately written on the city's scroll — and here the commerce of Massachusetts practically began; a commerce which not only filled the purse but broadened the horizon. It quickened the narrow and somber life of that Puritan

people with the elements of romance that lie in the wonders and mysteries of the sea. They saw visions of far-off lands, and dreamed of voyages and the prizes of adventure. It was with the peace of 1783 that the golden age of old Newburyport began. For a generation following, its story is unique in the history of New England. Toward the end of the eighteenth century Europe was in arms. The neutrality of the United States, and its natural advantages for commerce, threw into American hands a large share of the carrying trade of the world. The skill of Newburyport shipwrights, and the energy and courage of Newburyport merchants and mariners, opened to this modest provincial town a career of marvelous prosperity. It was a time of great hazards, but of great profits. Out of commercial enterprise a town arose here which almost rivalled the brilliancy of a foreign capital. Then Newburyport, a grand dame arrayed in silks and jewels, holding her court in a splendor almost regal, drew to her feet much of the brightest and best of the character, intellect, and culture of the commonwealth. Here the Tracys, the Daltons, the Jacksons, the Lowells, the Bartletts, the Greenleafs, the Wigglesworths, the Wheelwrights, the Hoopers, the Littles, the Lunts, the Hales, the Browns, and other families of no less worth, formed a constellation whose luster makes a shining page in the history of the town. Stately mansions, fitted and adorned with European luxury, surrounded with gardens and terraces, rose along the "ridge", the villas of opulent merchants stood in the midst of baronial estates in the environs, gorgeous equipages filled the streets, the gentry clothed themselves and their families in broadcloths, velvets, and laces, and dined off plate at banquets mellowed with the choicest vintages of the world, and wealth, intellect, and culture united to make Newbury-

port a social and commercial center hardly inferior in attractions to the metropolis itself. In wealth and population it was second only to Boston and Salem; in commercial and social importance it was hardly second to either.

But all this splendor blossomed from a single root, and it withered almost as soon as it had grown. With the approach of the war of 1812 the clouds gathered over Newburyport. In the midst of the strangulation of commerce by embargoes and non-intercourse acts came the devastating fire of May 31, 1811. Fortune had veiled her face. From these multiplied calamities the old Newburyport never arose. When prosperity returned, it was a new day and a new town. Before the fire, Newburyport had seven thousand six hundred and thirty-four souls and more than seven millions of wealth. It took thirty years to regain her former numbers, and the property valuation of 1811 was never again reached until 1856, nor permanently restored until 1865.

The decline of old Newburyport was the inevitable result of causes of wider operation than the war or the fire. When commerce again spread her wings, after the war of 1812, they bore her away from Newburyport to the greater ports and harbors more favored by nature. The day of small craft was past. The bar at the river's mouth was an obstacle to vessels of larger draft and tonnage which no degree of local enterprise could surmount. Then came the Middlesex canal, diverting the inland trade. For a generation Newburyport was almost at a standstill. Some of her capitalists were ruined, others sought new fields of enterprise, and those who remained could not in a moment repair the disasters which had shattered their fortunes. From the fire to a time near the middle of the century there was doubt,

discouragement, stagnation. But the universal law of compensation was at work. As one thing goes, another comes. The seed of the future prosperity of Newburyport was planted in 1834, the year that saw the erection of the first cotton factory. The smoke of the chimneys of the Essex mill was the signal that manufactures had come in, to take the place of commerce. This mill was soon followed by others, and by shoe manufacture, an ancient industry of the town, on an extended scale. The opening of the Eastern railroad, in 1840, followed by the connection of the city with the Boston & Maine railroad, in 1850, stimulated these and other enterprises, and by 1851 Newburyport was fairly entered upon a new industrial career, destined to excel and to outlast the exceptional but unstable fortunes of the old town. And with this revival of industry the city began.

A survey of the ensuing fifty years, of which this day marks the completion, would show that Newburyport has kept fully abreast of the age in all the lines of civic development. Public spirit and private munificence have combined to endow the city with every agency and appliance for the promotion of the public welfare. The introduction of gas lighting in 1852, since supplemented by electricity; the founding of the public library in 1854, a memorable event in the history of any city; the construction of the City railroad, in 1871, connecting the water-front with the Boston & Maine railroad; the opening, in 1873, of the first horse-railway, between Newburyport and Amesbury, now developed into a network of electric lines extending in all directions; the gift to the city, in the same year, of the Atkinson common as a public pleasure ground; the liberal bequest, in 1880, for the erection of a city almshouse, completed and occupied

in 1889; the introduction of a public water supply, in 1881; the incorporation of the Wheelwright Scientific School, in 1882; the endowment, in 1883, of that most grateful of all public charities, a free hospital, to which public-spirited citizens have since made substantial contributions, crowned by the recent gift of land and means for the erection of a new hospital building; the unique benefaction, in 1885, for the watering of the public streets; the public sewerage system, begun in 1889, now so far extended as to embrace the greater part of the city; these and other public improvements, which time forbids me to enumerate, have marked the progress of the city.

The finer aesthetic sense, which refuses to be satisfied with merely material things, has not been inactive during this period. The statue of Washington has risen in the park; the bronze figure of Garrison, the most illustrious son of Newburyport of the last century, whose appeal for human rights she refused in a moment of madness to hear, stands a perpetual witness to the final triumph of truth; and public fountains, pleasure grounds, and other objects of art and beauty, are ministering to the eye and the taste and stimulating public spirit to emulate the generosity of the benefactors of the city, whose names will be held in grateful remembrance.

The religious activity for which this community was remarkable from the earliest times, if abated in zeal is unimpaired in its wholesome influence upon the public morals and the social welfare of the city. Charitable, scientific, historical, and literary enterprises have continued in undiminished vigor, maintaining the high character of the city for intelligence, public spirit, philanthropy, and all the social virtues.

This is a material age, and Newburyport is an industrial city. A distinguished citizen of Massachusetts has recently remarked that if you wish to stir this generation of Americans to enthusiasm, you must do it with a column of figures. While there is truth in this satire, I shall not assume that the people of Newburyport can be moved only by an account of material growth or commercial profits. But figures may be pregnant with the most significant facts, and these symbols must be employed to measure the material progress of a community like this. The industrial history of Newburyport in these fifty years discloses some interesting and remarkable facts, of which the most notable is the great increase of wealth and industries in contrast with the slow growth of population.

In 1850 the town, by the Federal census, had 9572 inhabitants. It is said in written statements presented to the legislature with the annexation petition, of 1851, agreeing in this though differing in other particulars, that the population of the annexed territory was 2842. Assuming this to be correct, and the weight of evidence seems to support it though the number has been differently stated, the original population of the city in 1851 was 12,414. In 1900 it was 14,478. The gain in half a century is 2064, being 16.62 per cent., or one-sixth, an average of but one-third of one per cent. yearly. Each decade except that following 1860, and each period of five years since 1870 except the last, shows a slight gain. The Federal census of 1900 charges Newburyport with a loss of 74 inhabitants since 1895, which has doubtless been more than made good by this time — certainly it would be if the census were taken today. The increase in the number of ratable polls since 1851 is 1831, a gain of 72 per cent. as against a gain of less than 17 per cent.

in total population; 87 per cent. of the whole gain in numbers being of this class. This is characteristic of a manufacturing population, but it indicates an unusual proportion of those who are not "set in families."

The exhibit of the wealth and industries of the city is in marked contrast with this slight increase of numbers. From 1851 to 1900 real property has increased in value from $2,596,400 to $7,286,000, a gain of 180 per cent.; in other words, it has nearly trebled. Personal property, including corporate stocks not appearing in the local valuation, has risen from $2,880,200 in 1851 to $3,632,033 in 1900, a gain of $751,833, or 26 per cent. The whole wealth of the city has risen from $5,476,600 in 1851 to $10.918,033 in 1900, or more than 99 per cent. Thus property has substantially doubled while population has increased but one-sixth; in other words, wealth has increased about twelve times as fast as population.

Industrial statistics were not compiled in 1850. The growth of the local industries within the city period can be approximately shown by comparing those of 1845 and 1855 with those of 1900. In 1845 the six leading industries were, in this order, cotton goods, boots and shoes, machinery and metal goods, shipbuilding, snuff and tobacco, clocks, watches and jewelry. The amount of capital invested in all industries, as nearly as known, was $757,300, the average number of persons employed 1598, the whole annual value of products $841,258. In 1855 shipbuilding temporarily superseded boots and shoes as second in importance, foods supplanted jewelry, and the order was, cotton goods, shipbuilding, boots and shoes, machinery and metals, snuff and tobacco, food products. The whole capital invested was $1,467,300, persons employed 2904, value of products $2,422,632.

In 1900 the order of importance was, boots and shoes, cotton goods, building, clothing, food products and metals, Shipbuilding and tobacco manufactures had disappeared from the six leading industries. Clothing and building had come in, and boots and shoes had forged ahead of cotton goods and taken the first place. The whole capital invested was $3,863,199, persons employed 3076, value of products $5,685,768.

In the fifty-five years from 1845 to 1900 the capital invested in manufacturing industries had increased over 410 per cent., or nearly five-fold; the number of persons employed had increased about 93 per cent., or nearly double; the value of products had increased over 575 per cent. or more than six-fold. In the forty-five years from 1855 to 1900 the increase of capital invested was over 163 per cent., or nearly treble; the increase in persons employed was about 6 per cent.; the increase in the value of products was over 134 per cent., or more than double.

It is evident that the increase in manufacturing industries was well under way between 1845 and 1855. They were planted and growing before the city arose. The value of products of the industries has increased in a larger proportion than the capital invested, and in more than six times the proportion of persons employed; a result due, without doubt, to improved machinery and facilities, to the change in the character of the industries, and to skilful management. The value of manufactures has more than doubled while population has increased but one-sixth; in other words, the ratio of increase in the products of manufacture is more than twelve times as great as in population.

One plain conclusion from these facts may well be the subject of congratulation here. The material interests of the city have prospered because there is a healthy

diversity of industries and employments. In the old times everything was centered in commerce, and when commerce shook her elusive wings and flew away from old Newburyport, she took prosperity with her. In the city of today prosperity is safely anchored in the foundations of a score of mills and factories.

We are celebrating the adoption of city government, and some consideration of that subject cannot be out of place. As much that must be said of it is not to its credit, I begin by saying, as fortunately may be said with truth, that city government in Newburyport has developed no occasion for unusual complaint. This city is at least as fortunate as its neighbors. If there is dissatisfaction here with city government, or if it is declining in character, this result may fairly be ascribed to inherent defects of the system. Accordingly, in glancing at this subject, which can be done here only in the broadest perspective, I speak only of city government in general. If it has succeeded here, there is no better reason for this celebration. If it has not, we can make no better use of a moment than to consider the reasons. The subject is of general importance, as the movement of population now sets strongly towards the cities, in which two-thirds of the people of this Commonwealth are dwelling at this moment.

Perhaps city government is not, on the whole, so black as it is painted. The complaints against it are exaggerated in the heat of party warfare, or by the criticism of theorists who forget that perfection cannot be reached in the actual running of governmental machinery. Making due allowance for all this, there are substantial grounds of dissatisfaction, which challenge the attention of all students of public affairs who realize how much

more closely the interests of the average citizen are bound up with the local than with the general government, in a country where the municipality absorbs more than four-fifths of all the direct taxes, and municipal debts are ten times greater than all other public obligations. And it must not be forgotten that the sight of open misgovernment is demoralizing. If tolerated, it will corrupt the springs of public virtue. Unless the people change the character of the government for the better the government will change the character of the people for the worse.

The general discontent with the actual results of city rule is evident from the fact that it is one of the most irrepressible themes of popular discussion. The press teems with it, publicists theorize upon it in volumes of learned essays, statisticians embellish it with figures, legislatures labor with it and give birth to whole libraries of statutes more or less impotent or mischievous, and the failure of all these attempts at reform has led to the suggestion of a variety of other remedies, ranging in force and character from disfranchisement to lynching. It must be conceded that if the genius of this people for self-government has failed anywhere, it is at this point. The general inefficiency of city government in this country stands confessed. Our commonwealth is happily yet free from any great municipal scandal or any flagrant example of misrule, but we cannot be surprised that towns qualified for city government hesitate to adopt it, and that at least one of our cities is today seriously considering the question of surrendering its charter.

The process of degeneration is familiar. Municipal expenditure, necessarily large, usually extravagant, not infrequently reckless, offers an irresistible temptation to the large and growing class of those who wish to live

without work at the public expense. Wheresoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together. A municipal "ring" is evolved, which controls the city government, a "boss" arises who controls the ring, the people are dethroned, power passes from responsible officers to irresponsible and unscrupulous hands, and the way is open for a carnival of misrule. The public moneys are diverted from their proper uses to enrich a horde of political parasites; salaried offices are confiscated as the legitimate spoil of the workers; jobbery takes toll of all municipal expenditure; and even the public schools and the public charities are made to pay tribute of corruption. Public office acquires a bad name. Citizens who have the largest stake in honest government turn their backs in contempt upon the public service and abdicate all active participation in political affairs, and the descendants of the men who waged a seven years' war against threepence a pound on tea quietly submit to be looted of millions by political gangs organized for plunder, whose operations are a public scandal, and whose existence in the face of a well-directed public sentiment would be impossible.

There is one short, if cynical, answer to all this. Popular government will never be better than the people who make it. If the people of the cities are no better than their government, if they have really become indifferent, reckless, and corrupt, if character is declining, if public spirit is becoming extinct, municipal and all other misrule is accounted for. The general popular indifference to misgovernment is a striking phenomenon, the causes of which lie deeper than our inquiry today can extend. But it is yet true, whatever the portents, that if the whole people of any city could be polled upon the direct issue of honest government, they would speak for

it with no uncertain voice. The practical difficulty is that an active and resolute minority, having a personal interest to make the public treasury a subject of private plunder, contrive by superior zeal and organization to control or suppress the political influence of an indifferent and heedless majority. A large proportion of the voting population of most cities has no substantial stake in honest administration. The taxpayers are usually a minority. Those who vote are not those who pay.

The inefficiency of city government is due to a variety of causes. Some of them are inherent and unavoidable; a fact not always remembered. Conditions vary with natural situation, systems of local law, the character of industries and population, and other circumstances. No system would be the best everywhere. Our system has some features which are undesirable anywhere, and for the perpetuation of these, at least, there is no justification. Any efficient remedy must be so simple as to be easily applied, it must recognize unalterable facts and conditions, and it must restore to city government the controlling power of sound public sentiment.

The government of all cities is necessarily expensive. This appears in the financial history of Newburyport, as it must in all cities. Debt and taxation are growing here even more rapidly than wealth and industries. Density of population, by itself, generates new needs and calls for large expenditures, unnecessary and unknown in rural neighborhoods. The streets of a city must be lighted, paved, and cleaned. A city must have a public water supply and a system of sewerage, in the interest of public health. It must have police protection for the preservation of the public peace. It must have an efficient fire department for the protection of property. All these and other like charges, the sum total of which forms a large

part of municipal expenditure, are made necessary by mere congestion of population. The form of government is not responsible for them. And now the steady advance of state socialism, in high places no less than in low, is constantly throwing new burdens upon the public which have been and should be borne by private enterprise. The best that can be done in dealing with the unavoidable burdens is to secure honesty and prevent extravagance. If the city buys no more than it needs, and if it gets an honest equivalent for the purchase price, there is no ground of complaint. And as wealth centers in cities, these charges, under honest administration, are easily borne, and the public benefits which they provide are usually worth much more than their cost.

The most radical of all the difficulties with city government is in the anomalous relation between cities and the state. The accepted legal theory here is that local self-government is not a constitutional right but a political privilege, to be granted or withheld by the legislature in such measure as it sees fit. A city is but a branch of the state government, and as such a mere agency and instrument of the legislative will. It has the form of self-government but not the substance. All its public powers are held at sufferance of the legislature, which may grant such as it pleases, modify or withdraw them as it pleases, or step in on any occasion and exercise by its own hand the powers which it has granted to the city. The gubernatorial veto, not always wisely or justly exercised, adds another complication to legislative control. It has hitherto been understood that the power of the state to compel a city to tax its inhabitants is limited, at most, to the common public needs. But judicial wisdom now declares that objects in the nature of luxuries, to be paid for by compulsory taxation, may be forced upon a city

against its will by legislative decree; that a city may be compelled to adorn itself with parks, for example, or incidentally with improved architecture, at its own expense and according to the legislative taste. If such a power exists, it can have no limit except the legislative pleasure. Fancy a gallery of pictures or statuary selected by a committee of the General Court and the bill sent to the city by order of that body — yet to this we may come.

The judicial view of the relations between the state and the city is contrary to all the facts of our history. In Massachusetts we know that the towns made the state, not the state the towns. Apparently it would have been easy, clearly it would have been more wholesome, to hold in the outset that the privileges of the towns under the ancient charters were not disturbed by adopting the constitution; leaving to them at least such local independence as they had previously enjoyed, and carrying over these powers and privileges of the inhabitants unimpaired upon the erection of a town into a city. But the other view was adopted in the earliest times and has always been maintained; with the result that, whereas under the crown the local communities enjoyed a liberal measure of freedom, under the republic they are but little more than mere vassals and dependencies of the state.

Nor have we any constitutional restraints against special legislation for cities; though there is some compensation for this in escaping the necessity of resort to the absurd devices employed to evade such restraint in states where it exists. It rests with the legislature alone to determine when, upon what pretext, and to what extent it will interfere in the direct government of any city. It may take in charge the appointment and removal of city officers,—and while actual legislative interference

in Massachusetts has not yet extended farther than assumption of the control of the police, it was but the other day that the legislature of a neighboring commonwealth turned out the officers of three great cities, filling their places with its own nominees, and the courts were obliged to sustain this action as within legislative power. The legislature may extend or curtail the tax levy, or the borrowing power; dictate what money the city may or shall spend and for what purposes; lay out streets; construct or order the construction at the city's expense of public buildings or other public works; or compel the city to contribute to the cost of enterprises in which it has no title and may have no real interest. The public property of the city is wholly under legislative control, and may be dealt with and disposed of as the legislature sees fit. While this is a reasonable rule for public property of a character requiring one uniform system of control, the public highways for example, it is not reasonable that a city should be wholly subject to the legislative will as to property held for local purposes. Still more unjust and absurd is it that the city should be subject to compulsory levies of taxation to provide objects of indulgence wholly beyond the proper public necessities, and that it should have no secure title to property paid for by taxation of its inhabitants. Such a system is wrong in principle and pernicious in results.

The direct consequence of unrestrained legislative control of cities is to bring chaos upon municipal administration. How much money shall be raised by taxation, or borrowed, or spent, or for what, may be determined at home or it may be determined at the state capital, according to the exigencies of politics. If a city job is defeated in council or vetoed by the mayor, the promotors persuade a compliant legislature to do it or order it done;

and conversely, if a city undertakes a proper public enterprise to which an active minority is opposed, they invoke, often successfully, the interference of the legislature to prevent it. Where power is scattered responsibility disappears. Neither state-house nor city-hall can be held accountable for what goes wrong. The people, having no real power, cease to feel any responsibility. They become indifferent to their own political duties and even to the character of their candidates for municipal office; knowing that if good men are elected they may be controlled or thwarted by a superior power, and trusting that if bad men are elected the same power can be persuaded to stand in their way.

In some of the later constitutions of western states cities are given a much larger power of self-government than they have elsewhere enjoyed; an interesting experiment, the result of which should shed light upon the path to municipal reform. In important constitutional changes Massachusetts moves with deliberation. It is no easy task to draw the line between powers which ought to be confided to the cities and towns and powers which must remain in the state. A large measure of central control is essential to a symmetrical system. This is no time or place to pursue the discussion of changes in municipal policy so radical as to disturb the constitutional foundations; but no radical and permanent reform can be expected until cities are endowed with more of the rights and powers of responsible self-government.

The adoption of city government involves abandonment of the town-meeting, justly regarded, not only by us who have been brought up under it but by all intelligent students of public questions, as the best form of local rule ever applied to our affairs. It makes every voting citizen a member of the governing body, with a

direct share of the power and of the responsibility. The majority, which always desires good government, is actually in control. For this, city government substitutes a representative system which is not in fact representative. It does not, as a rule, actually reflect the opinions or the desires of the people. Cut off from direct participation in the government, divested of the sense of responsibility which goes hand in hand with power, his part reduced to voting once a year, usually for the candidates of a packed caucus, the average citizen, except in some emergency, lapses into indifference and his weight ceases to be felt in the scale. Under the one system he is on the spot, looking after his own affairs; under the other, while in theory represented by the one-hundredth or five-hundredth part of an alderman or councilman, in truth he counts for no more than a cipher in the sum total of the results. In proportion as the will and conscience of the individual citizen are eliminated from it, the character of the government declines. It ceases to be government by or for the people. An essential factor of the problem is to bring back the people to the actual control of their affairs.

The prevailing American form of city government, a mayor and a council of two branches, is an anachronism, and, as applied to the government of our cities, an absurdity. It is sometimes supposed to be copied from English or other European forms of municipal government. It is really framed upon a model much nearer at hand, though quite as ill-suited to the purpose. In the struggle of centuries for popular rights, our English ancestors worked out the fabric of king, lords, and commons; an executive head and a legislature of two branches, one representing aristocratic power, the other the rights of the people. This general form was brought over to this country in

the colonial charters, and was naturally followed in the earliest state constitutions, and later in the Federal constitution. When cities began to arise, it had become so fixed in the popular conception of government that it was carried into city charters, and there, with some slight variations, it has always remained. A form of government essential to preserve the balance of powers and interests between the great estates of the realm, in dealing with the policies of a nation, may be very ill-adapted to the control of a city under institutions founded on equal rights and universal suffrage. City government, while not wholly a business affair, as is sometimes said, consists so largely in the collection and disbursement of money that the machinery should primarily be adapted to the honest and efficient conduct of such business. Among the people of a city there is no natural division of classes or interests calling for distinct representation; and if there were, such representation is not secured under the present forms. The only actual division is between those who want the government prudently conducted and the public funds honestly applied to their proper uses, and those who do not. The original reason for a legislative body of two chambers,— that each may represent a different class or interest,— does not exist. The remaining reason,— to secure further deliberation, and that each may be a check upon the excesses of the other,— is not satisfied by the existing system. It does not in fact answer this purpose. In fact the two branches divide and weaken responsibility, multiply opportunities for log-rolling, and impair the directness and force which are more essential in the control of city affairs than the larger deliberation which great public questions demand.

Two rules or principles seem essential to efficient municipal organization. First, the whole executive power

and responsibility should be vested in a single head; on the principle of Napoleon's aphorism that "nothing is so bad as a bad general, except two good generals." Second, all legislative power,— the power to determine all questions of the general policy of the city,—should be vested in a single council, so large as to be a real representative body. In short, the system must contain the means of developing the true public sentiment, by responsible public discussion, and the means of efficient execution of the policy and the measures ordained by the deliberative branch.

The powers of the council, being wholly of a legislative character, confined to settling the broader questions of policy which arise in city affairs, its duty is substantially discharged in the enacting of standing ordinances, —and the fewer they are and the less they are meddled with the better,—and in determining, once in each year, the amount and general destination of all appropriations and of the tax levy or loans required to meet them. These questions once disposed of, the whole power and duty of carrying the policy of the council into effect is left to the executive. For all these purposes, a few meetings early in the year would ordinarily be enough. The members of the council being thus relieved of the necessity of constant attendance and attention throughout the year, public-spirited citizens may be induced to accept membership in such numbers as to make it a truly representative body of the whole people, restoring to city government the vigor and directness of control, and the element of personal interest in the governing power, which was lost in abandoning the town-meeting. The number may be as large as can conveniently assemble for public deliberation. In a city of moderate size this would afford room for an ample representation of all elements of the population.

It is idle to talk of wholly eliminating the influence of political parties from any form of municipal government. Our habits of political thought and action will always make themselves felt. The existing party organizations will always be brought to bear with more or less effect. Non-partisan city government must be secured by indirection, if at all. Fix upon the head of the government a degree of responsibility which he cannot evade and dare not abuse, and it will matter little what party label he wears. Make the representative body so broad that no scheme can be carried through it on party lines or from partisan motives, and the government will be as free of partisan influences as any government can be where political parties exist.

It is not for me to advise the people of Newburyport to disturb or experiment with their local government. These suggestions are contributed to the general discussion of a question of the highest importance to the inhabitants of cities. There is much reason to believe that the reform of city government in general, at least in cities of moderate size, must be sought and may be found in the application of the principles thus briefly indicated. If the occasion should arise, this city is perhaps as well adapted as any, in size, character, and situation, to put their merits to proof.

Yet when all discussion touching forms of government is ended, the character of the people remains the vital thing. A thrifty and vigorous race will prosper in spite of bad government. There is in all healthy human society a tendency to improve its condition. It was long ago observed that no form or degree of misgovernment will do so much to make the situation of the people worse as the instinctive effort of every individual to

improve his own situation will do to make it better. It was a remarkable body of men that peopled this region. They were predestined, by their own qualities, to political independence, but they would have grown great in spite of crowns or parliaments. If the folly of a mad king had not driven the American colonists to throw off his rule, if it were possible to conceive of the colonies as continuing dependencies of Great Britain, the character of the Puritan immigration would have raised up here, in the fullness of time, a state so mighty as to overshadow the imperial power of the mother-country herself. It is no light task to hold up the standard raised by such a race. Think of the great men who have gone in and out upon this very spot. If some magic power could summon back to their former haunts the shades of the illustrious dead whose names and memory are among the treasures of this city, what a glorious company would people these homes and streets! Thomas Parker, Samuel Sewall, Edward Rawson, William Dummer, the John Lowells and Francis Cabot Lowell, Tristram Dalton, George Whitefield; Jonathan, Charles, and Patrick Tracy Jackson; Thomas Dawes, Theophilus Bradbury, George Thatcher, Robert Treat Paine, Jacob Perkins, Nicholas Pike, William Wheelwright, Dudley A. Tyng, Edward Bass, Samuel Webber, Cornelius C. Felton, William Plumer, Daniel Dana, John Quincy Adams, Theophilus Parsons, Rufus King, Benjamin and Simon Greenleaf, Caleb Cushing, Lucy Hooper, Hannah F. and Benjamin A. Gould, George Peabody, Benjamin Hale, George R. Noyes, Samuel S. Wilde, William Lloyd Garrison, John Pierpont, Samuel J. May, George Lunt, James Parton, Eben F. Stone,— a galaxy of pioneers, preachers, scholars, poets, philanthropists, jurists, statesmen, scientists, mechanicians, merchant princes, captains of industry,

"on fame's eternal bead-roll worthie to be fyled." These men have given to Newburyport a character and distinction that will remain so long as the city stands. Cities live in their character, not less than individuals. The home of great men, the theater of great events, the birthplace of ideas or forces which have helped to move the world — these possess an interest which space cannot limit nor time subdue. It was the character of the men and women of Newburyport that gave the town its fame. It was peopled by the flower of the Puritan immigration; — narrow men, perhaps; bigoted; austere; but meaning to be just and determined to be free. Some things they did which timid souls would forget, but nothing which cannot be openly avowed. Much of the wealth of old Newburyport, no doubt, came over the bar in the cabin or hold of the privateer, a hanger-on of war now passed into disrepute, and none too soon — but privateering was then legitimate warfare. Every step in their history was traced in character and courage. Look at them in the times of the embargoes. Foremost as they had been among the patriots of the Revolution, when the war of 1812 was forced upon the people, — an unnecessary war, pursued by measures of folly, more disastrous at home than abroad, — the men of Newburyport stood up and denounced it as foolish and unnecessary. They opposed it openly. They despised the embargo, and trampled it under their feet. And who shall say that this bold and manly stand against the blunders of an incompetent administration was not truer patriotism than the servile complaisance that knows no right or wrong save at the command of power? The patriot is he who sets his country right, and stands in the way when it goes wrong. If this is not patriotism, the Revolution was not. I do not say that these men were all heroes, but they were not

cowards, hypocrites, nor sycophants. They were neither ashamed nor afraid. It is an inspiration to recall them. It is a virtue to emulate them. Long may they be remembered here, and long may the race survive upon this spot which they made forever memorable!

And as it is character, not numbers, that distinguishes a city, I trust that no citizen of Newburyport is disturbed by the slow growth of its population. The welfare of a city, or the happiness of its people, does not turn upon its place in a census-table. Moderate growth is natural, healthy, and desirable. The rapid swelling of a city may be no less a symptom or prognostic of disease than the swelling of a limb. It is no ill-fortune that the character, the identity of old Newburyport has not been swallowed up and effaced in the swarming population which now sets toward cities, and submerges others less fortunate than this. There is a satisfaction in thinking of this ancient community, robed in the dignity of her past, content to stand aloof from the hustling crowd in noble disdain of the folly that sees, or thinks it sees, greatness in bigness,—a weakness from which not even statesmen are exempt, even more fatal to nations than to men and cities. It is not difficult to account for the position of Newburyport. But for one of her most characteristic and interesting traits, her people today would be counted by tens or scores of thousands. Newburyport may fairly claim to have been the great colonizing town of the great colonizing county of the great colonizing state of the Union. Immediately after the Revolution, and to some extent before it, her people began to look abroad for "fresh fields and pastures new." Their pioneer blood would not allow them to rest in one spot, however attractive. The movement thus begun has never ceased. Her people have been scattered like the seeds of the pine, and

like the seeds of the pine they have taken root and grown. There is hardly a quarter of the earth in which they are not to be found. It was said at one of your anniversaries, a few years ago, that in the single city of New York were then living three hundred natives of Newburyport. Her filaments cover the whole North and the great West as with an invisible web, every thread vibrating to her influence and binding some new and distant community to the parent stock. Her children have settled states; they have built towns and founded cities. If you would number the people of Newburyport, look for them by the rivers and bays of Maine, on the hills of New Hampshire, in the valleys of Vermont, where they were among the first pioneers; beyond the Hudson and the Ohio, along the shores of the great lakes, on the banks of the Father of Waters, all over the plains that stretch to the range of the Rockies, and beyond to the Golden Gate — in every prosperous community between the Atlantic and Pacific seas on which the genius of New England has set its mark; wherever New England energy has cleared the forest, planted the soil, opened the mine, or harnessed the stream to the wheels of industry; wherever New England thrift bears fruit of prosperity; wherever the New England conscience strengthens public probity and holds up the standard of public morals; wherever the sterling New England character guides the thought and shapes the policy of states — there you will find the people of Newburyport, still sowing and gathering the harvest first planted on Quascacunquen by Thomas Parker and his little company, near three centuries ago; carrying the old town in their hearts; feeling her own pulsations in their blood; inspired with her memory and vindicating her example; — their numbers, character, and influence bearing witness that if Newbury-

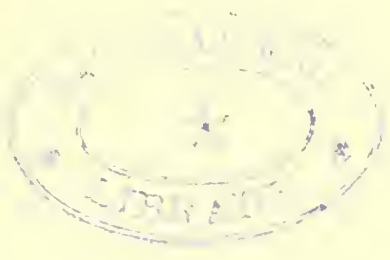
port has lost her own, she has taken the nation in exchange.

What events confront us in the coming half-century which opens with this day, it is not given us to know. There will be changes, many and great. Science has but begun to unlock the secrets and unloose the forces of nature. Thought is everywhere fermenting today, as never before, with the complex problems of human society. Even the character of nations seems changing — let the American people look to it that their own is not transformed. For Newburyport, the vista opens upon the fairest prospects. Seated upon this beautiful spot, where the Merrimac, theme of poetry and romance, returns its waters to the sea; where the eye takes in a prospect of enchanting beauty — the spires and gables of the city, the smiling fields, the solemn woods, the silver river, the majestic waste of ocean; — endowed with every agency devised by man for the promotion of health, comfort, social elevation, and material welfare; planted upon the stable foundation of varied and flourishing industries; alive with intelligence, charity, culture, religion, and crowned with the halo of splendid memories,— such are the happy conditions in which the record of the new half-century begins. May it be written in prosperity. May it be written in honor. May it be such that they who make it can look upon it with satisfaction, and they who come after with gratitude and pride. And when the chapter is closed; when the children of Newburyport, on the returning anniversary, gather about the ancient mother to crown her with the garland of an hundred years; may she say of this generation, with fond remembrance, as she turns her smile undimmed by age on those who then surround her,—"Among all my children who have cherished me with stout hearts and willing hands, they too were worthy of my love and my benediction."

"Thanks be to God," from Mendelssohn's "Elijah," was sung by the chorus, and the benediction was pronounced by Dr. Beane, of the Unitarian church.

Nason's Orchestra played Sousa's march, "Hail to the Spirit of Liberty," and this closed the program.

The ushers at the hall were Charles Kelleher, head usher; Fred L. Medcalf, Oscar Thurlow, Rufus Reed, Warren Somerby, John Kelley, Walter Whitmore, and Frank Kelley.



LIBRARY

COL. EBEN F. STONE,

PRESIDENT OF THE FIRST COMMON COUNCIL.

THE ANNIVERSARY BANQUET

THE ANNIVERSARY BANQUET

After the literary exercises at city hall, on Monday, the distinguished guests were driven about the city and shown some of the beautiful scenery that graces our municipality, historic houses, and many objects that are of interest. The magnificent High street, with its graceful arch of elm and maple trees, was particularly admired. The guests were then driven back to city hall, where they were joined shortly before 2 o'clock by Captain Manney and other officers from the battleship Massachusetts. They proceeded to Armory hall, on Merrimac street, where the dinner was in waiting. There were five long tables running from a head table located at the easterly end of the hall, and the seats were quite generally filled.

It was 2:20 when Mayor Brown rapped to order and said:

Ladies and Gentlemen:— Dinner is to be served at once, and I shall detain you for a moment only. I would assure our invited guests that we are most happy to welcome them to the hospitality of the city of Newburyport. Our guests have doubtless sat at richer banquets, served in more stately halls. I cannot think, however, that they have often been received where the honor of their presence was more truly appreciated or where the pleasure of their hosts was greater than is ours this afternoon.

I will ask the company to remain standing while grace is said by the Reverend Mr. Wright.

MENU.

Consomme Printanier.
Olives. Tomatoes. Cucumbers. Radishes.
Salmon and Green Peas.
New Potatoes.
Lobster Cutlets, Tomato Sauce,
Chicken Croquettes.
Banana Fritters, Wine Sauce.
Lobster Salad.
Frozen Pudding. Sauce Curacoa.
Sultana Roll, Claret Sauce.
Cafe Parfait. Orange Bomb,
Watermelon Ice Cream.
Neapolitan. Fancy Ices.
Assorted Cake. Macaroons.
Strawberries and Cream.
Pineapple Cheese. Water Crackers.
Salted Almonds.
Coffee. Appolinaris.

Dinner committee: Moses Brown, mayor, chairman; Alfred Pearson, John D. Parsons, Albert W. Rantoul, Richard J. Foley, Leonard W. Sargent.

Seated at the head table was Mayor Brown, the presiding officer. At his right was Lieutenant-Governor John L. Bates, and at his left was Congressman W. H. Moody. Others at the table were the following officers from the United States battleship Massachusetts: Captain H. N. Manney, Lieutenant-Commander Roy C. Smith, Lieutenant George R. Salisbury, Captain of Marines Harry Lee, Lieutenant C. J. Lang, Paymaster W. G. Littell, Assistant Surgeon B. L. Wright, Ensign L. Shane, Ensign Ward Kenneth Wortman; also, Ensign C. Deligeorges, of the Royal Greek Navy; and Rev. Arthur J. Teeling, of Lynn; Hon. William Reed, of Taunton; Hon. George Frederick Stone, of Evanston, Ill.; Senator Augustus P. Gardner, of Hamilton; Hon. Harvey N. Shepard, of Boston; Hon. Albert E. Pillsbury, of Boston; President Arthur Withington of the board of aldermen, President Robert G. Dodge of the common council, ex-Mayor Albert Currier, Hon. John J. Currier, Rev. Arthur H. Wright, Superintendent of Streets George W. Langdon, of this city.

At the other tables were the following: Mrs. Moses Brown; Mrs. W. A. Rand, Seabrook, N. H.; Alexander Patillo, Gloucester; Arthur

P. Brown; F. D. Henderson, Rowley; Charles H. Brown, Boston; W. P. Ambrose, Georgetown; Henry Feibelman, Dorchester; Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Barton; Clifton B. Heath, Merrimac; George H. W. Hayes, Ipswich; Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Swett, Chelsea; Mrs. J. H. C. Campbell, Boston; Miss Frances E. Huse, Frederick K. Piper, Boston; John H. Brown, Ipswich; John Q. A. Pettingell, Salisbury; D. W. Davis, Amesbury; B. A. Appleton; Lieutenant-Commander John L. Gow, United States Navy; Mrs. John L. Gow, West Newton; Moody Kimball; Daniel H. Fowle; Percy B. Jackson; George H. Stevens; Charles W. Ordway, West Newbury; Rev. Myron Oakman Patton; Edward P. Shaw; George Clapp Andrews; Edward P. Shaw, Jr.; N. N. Jones; Grosvenor T. Blood; James F. Carens; Mr. and Mrs. George P. Tilton; Mrs. G. R. Saulsbury; E. B. Bishop, Haverhill; Richard T. Noyes, Newbury; Orrin J. Gurney; William A. Johnson; J. Otis Winkley; George P. Sargent; E. C. Sawyer, Beverly; Charles D. Brown, Gloucester; Charles L. Perkins; George H. Plumer; Willard J. Hale; Edmund Bartlet; Leonard W. Sargent; Miss Elizabeth N. Sargent; Rev. Dr. Hovey and wife; Arthur L. Huse; Arthur W. Huse; Nathaniel Appleton; Edwin S. Dodge; Mrs. Gray; Dr. J. J. Healey; John T. Lunt; Mr. and Mrs. James E. Whitney; W. W. Coffin; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph W. Stover, New York; Rev. F. G. Alger; L. D. Morrill, Byfield; William J. Magowan; Mr. and Mrs. W. Herbert Noyes; Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Little; Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Pearson; John B. Blood; William G. Fisher; Dr. W. W. Pillsbury; Edmund S. Spalding; Mrs. Arthur H. Wright; E. P. Dodge; S. Augustus Bridges; Richard Newell, West Newbury; Lawrence W. Brown; George A. Schofield, Ipswich: Rev. W. A. Rand, Seabrook; Wallace Bates, Lynn; C. W. Questrom, Malden; Charles A. Bliss; Lucius H. Greeley; Mr. and Mrs. Emil Mollenhauer, Boston; Hayden Bosworth Harris, Haverhill; Mrs. David A. Andrews; Mrs. John J. Currier; Miss Susan M. Coffin; Benjamin F. Stanley; C. W. Pike, Boston; Mrs. Mary L. Hodgdon, Boston; Mrs. M. O. Patton; Dr. and Mrs. E. C. Gilman, Worcester; William W. Bartlett, Boston; F. Burbank; Edward A. Hale; Moses H. Fowler; John J. Kelley; Frank H. Kelley;

Charles Kelleher: F. L. Medcalf; Lawrence P. Stanton, Beverly; Walter Whitmore; O. G. Thurlow; Joseph E. Buzzell, Methuen; J. W. Sargent; James E. Mannix; Philip S. Fiske, Boston; William C. Coffin; Jere Healey; Timothy Herlihy; John D. Parsons; William H. Bent, Lowell; Josiah L. Hale; Albert W. Rantoul; Nathan N. Withington; Mrs. L. W. Jaques, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Balch, Jr.; J. Hermann Carver; J. Eugene Fowle; Mr. amd Mrs. G. H. Fitts; Weston K. Lewis, Boston; Rev. C. P. Mills; John B. Seward, Boston; Mrs. Mary N. Blood; Mrs. Mary Rousseau De La Croix, Oxford, N. C.; S. D. Mard, New Orleans, La.; Charles A. Coburn; Arthur H. Berry; C. E. Rowell, Merrimac; Miss Edith A. Stanley; Mrs. O. J. Gurney; Thomas T. Upton; David G. Bartlett, Lynn; George W. Pike, Lynn; John W. Winder; Clarissa J. G. Winder; M. C. Shaw; Mrs. John A. Greeley; Miss Thetis G. Questrom; C. O. Noyes, Georgetown; Sam Rogers, West Newbury; Thomas G. Gerrish, Lowell; A. A. Spofford, Lawrence; F. H. Rundlett.

After the dinner the Orpheus male quartet, composed of Warren C. Stanwood, Dr. G. E. L. Noyes, Richard G. Adams, and Leonard S. Choate, sang the "Champagne Song."

The after dinner speaking then began, Mayor Brown introducing Lieutenant-Governor Bates, in the following words:

Ladies and Gentlemen:— We have arrived at the post-prandial period of the feast, and I shall not presume to occupy more of the time than may suffice to express the happiness which the day thus far has brought to all.

The remainder of the program will be informal in the sense that no regular toasts or sentiments have been prepared, no special subjects have been assigned. Distinguished gentlemen are present who have consented to address us, and I am sure that the symposium now about to follow will be among the most enjoyed and best remembered features of the anniversary.

The first guest whom I shall have the honor of presenting to the company is, save one, the highest official of the commonwealth. To him I know you will accord the warmest welcome, not wholly, perhaps not chiefly, on account of his great station in the state but because of his high personal character.

I am very happy to present the Hon. John L. Bates, lieutenant-governor of the state of Massachusetts.

ADDRESS OF HON. JOHN L. BATES

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:— I assure you that I esteem it a special privilege to be permitted on this auspicious day to bring to you the greetings of His Excellency Winthrop Murray Crane, governor of the commonwealth, and with his greetings to bring you also the congratulations of the people of the commonwealth.

The fifty years during which Newburyport has been a city have been momentous years in the history of the commonwealth of Massachusetts. Our state never takes a holiday. She never goes on a vacation. She never drops anchor, Captain, as does your noble craft, her namesake. Her fires are always lighted. She is not like Alexander looking for new worlds to conquer, but with every cycle of the sun she makes a new conquest, she extends her arms farther and farther into regions more and more remote and brings them under the sphere of her influence. She renders humanity more and more indebted to her. During that fifty years she has contributed largely of blood and of treasure for the national life and the national honor. She has listened to the voice of the down-trodden; she has sent the administrators of her benefactions wherever care and want have furrowed the faces of men. She has grown rich. Her manufactures compete successfully in every market in the world. Her merchandise has gone across all seas. Her inventive genius has raised the burden from the back of flesh and blood and placed it on the back of iron and of steel. Her preachers have called men to their duty and awakened conscience far beyond her own borders. Her poets have sung songs that, wafted on the breezes of the heavens, have touched the hearts of all men. She has been living in a golden age, which is not yet complete, for she was never cleaner, brighter, more beautiful, or grander, than she is today. And I am pleased to bring you the greetings of such a commonwealth because you have exemplified the principles for which she stands. You have worthily maintained her traditions.

I wish to congratulate you, Mr. President, and all who have had a part in arranging for this celebration, upon the perfection of the plan and the beautiful way in which it is being worked out. It shows already that the celebration is to be a complete success.

I have noticed particularly this official program which has been published, and which reflects so much credit upon those who have

edited and published it. I see as I glance over its pages that your historian, in his interesting sketch, in his description of Newburyport and her surroundings, does not dwell so much on manufactures, so much on blocks or palaces, so much on parks and avenues, as on the people of Newburyport. I read this sentence:

"This community has produced or been the home of an unbroken succession of eminent men and women, from Thomas Parker to the living authors of today, statesmen, orators, theologians, jurists, authors, and merchants too many to be mentioned."

When upon one occasion a distinguished son of Massachusetts was asked by a boasting Westerner as to what crops Massachusetts produced, the reply was "Massachusetts produces men."

If you recall some months ago when the city of Pekin was relieved, when the hundred thousand and more barbarians had been successfully beaten off by the few who represented the highly civilized nations of the earth, it was proposed to commemorate the relief of that city by striking off a medal, and this is the legend that it is to bear,— it is an ancient legend — "Men, not walls, make a city."

I come to Newburyport to find that the idea that runs through the whole of the masterly discourse that we listened to this morning — "Men, not walls, make a city." I go down here to your chain bridge, which was one of the wonders of the time when it was built, the forerunner of the great Brooklyn bridge and all others of that character, and I see not so much the bridge as the man whose mind conceived it and brought it into being. I look out across the harbor. At the very mouth I see lying there the magnificent battleship. I think not so much of the ship as of the men who built her, and the men who command her and guide her across the trackless deep, following the stars in their courses. I take my passage on the train, and behind the iron horse I go from ocean to ocean on the bands of steel that cross the back of the continent. I go aboard one of those floating empires that ply between this continent across the ocean and to the other side, and in all these things there comes before me again the truth of the legend that "Men, not walls, make a city." I turn the pages of history. I review the story from Bunker Hill to Yorktown; from Sumter to Appomatox; from Manila Bay to Santiago, and everywhere I read again that legend, "Men, not walls, make a city." And I come to Newburyport and I read that the names of Newburyport's distinguished sons are too numerous to mention. I hear the orator of the day mention the names of some of them, and

I say, Yes, Newburyport is entitled to the congratulations of the commonwealth on this her birthday, because she has in her life so well typified the old commonwealth. I remember not only Thomas Parker, her founder, eminent theologian and more eminent scholar, who typifies the intellectual life of the commonwealth, but I remember also that the dust of George Whitefield, representative of the religious spirit of the commonwealth, lies under yonder church, an inspiration to this community. I remember that here in Newburyport was Francis Cabot Lowell, the enterprising merchant of Massachusetts through whose efforts cotton manufacture was introduced into this country, to whom the city of Lowell stands itself as a monument, and whose praises are chanted by more than a million singing spindles and looms on the banks of every rushing river. I read, too, of Jacob Perkins, representative of the inventive mind of Massachusetts, which has done so much to uplift the world. I read of Theophilus Parsons, representative of the legal jurisprudence of this commonwealth, the great, luminous chief justice of her highest court. I look in yonder court, in front of your city hall, and I see standing there, in his coat of bronze, on his pedestal of granite, that man of Newburyport who would be heard and who would not retract; the man who from here kindled the flame that grew into a conflagration that melted the shackles of a race and made slaves men; the man whom men taunted but whom now they revere; the humanity-loving representative of the commonwealth, William Lloyd Garrison.

And as I think of Parker and of Whitefield, of Lowell, of Perkins, of Parsons and of Garrison, I recall the fact that these are but types of a numerous body of men that have made the history of this community glorious from 1635 down to the present time. I congratulate you, then, not only on the men of the past but also on the men and the women of today, and extend to you the best wishes of the people of this commonwealth, that you may continue to maintain the high standard of citizenship that has been maintained throughout your history.

The mayor then spoke as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen: — We are especially fortunate in the presence of our congressman. The old Essex district has in general been represented by men of marked ability and character. Did time permit, we could recall upon that roll of honor many a name, mention of which should arouse enthusiasm here.

It is no ordinary compliment to say of our present member that he has sustained, fully sustained, the prestige of this historic district here and at the capital.

Beside the qualities which his record would indicate, he possesses the advantage of ancient Newbury lineage. I beg leave to introduce the Hon. William H. Moody, of Haverhill.

ADDRESS OF HON. WILLIAM H. MOODY

Ladies, Gentlemen, and Friends: — I feel somewhat slighted at the very beginning that the quartet should not have treated me as they did the lieutenant-governor and sung an anthem, evidently especially selected for his benefit, "The Vintage of Champagne."

I feel, Mr. Mayor, almost as if I had a personal right to be present on any occasion of this kind in the city of Newburyport. As some of you may know, I not only have a Newbury lineage, but was born in the old town of Newbury and lived there the early years of my life. Not only that, but I was born the eighth in descent from that William Moody who landed on the shores of the river Parker in 1635 and was one of the founders of the old town of Newburyport. I therefore feel that I have the right to say in all sincerity that nothing of joy or pain which comes upon any part of the soil of the old town is indifferent to me.

But, Mr. Mayor, I suppose it was not for the almost forgotten circumstance of my birth and lineage that I have been given the honor of saying the few words which the proprieties of this occasion and the admonition (I may say) of those who extended to me the invitation prescribe. I suppose it is on account of the public position which, at the time being, by the favor of the people of the county of Essex, I now hold.

I had indulged in the hope that during this period, for other reasons, the president of the United States might have been within the borders of the commonwealth. If here, I indulged in the hope he might be persuaded to favor us with a visit on this occasion. But reasons which the world knows, and with which the world without regard to difference of opinion sympathizes, have kept him elsewhere, Therefore it is perhaps left for me, after the greeting that has been brought by the lieutenant-governor, as your representative in her counsels today, to bring to you the greetings of the nation, her felicitations upon your honorable past, her congratulations upon your present, and her fond hopes for your happy and prosperous future. As a

token of the interest of the country in every one of its parts, I have the pleasure to see here today the representative of that most beloved arm of the public service, the navy of the United States.

I had some thoughts suggested to me, as I think all of us had, by the most remarkable oration of our distinguished orator of the day, but as I glance down at my watch I find it won't do for me to enter into the consideration of them. But there was one thing that I cannot fail to notice in what he said of all the splendid history which has occurred in the fifty years which have elapsed since the beginning of the period which you now celebrate today. I suppose there are many present who can remember distinctly the beginning of that period; remember the great change in condition which has occurred from that time to this; the marvelous development in the productive power of man by his increased command over nature, his marvelous power of command over human suffering which the discoveries in medical and surgical science have produced for us all. There was one thing which our orator said which seems to me to deserve our careful consideration. We know how the inventions of machinery have multiplied and intensified the activities of men — of the mechanic, of the professional man. Why, Mr. Mayor, if it were not for the art of stenography and typewriting I could not answer my mail in that part of the twenty-four hours that I could devote to it. The telephone, the telegraph, the stenographer multiply the activities of a man so that he lives a lifetime almost in a decade. Mr. Pillsbury told us this morning, in the cold figures of the case, that one man today, with the aid of modern machinery, produces the work of seventeen men fifty years ago.

He doesn't get the pay of seventeen men fifty years ago, and it is no wonder that the men who are doing that work and producing that result should be looking about them to see the advantage that is coming to them from this increased command of man over nature. It manifests itself most of all, the country over, in the demand for shortened hours of labor. Fifty years ago there was no ten-hour day; there was no twelve-hour day. There was a limitless day's work. Now, today, the aspiration of the working man the world over is the day of eight hours. Can he ask for less when he is doing for the community what has been described to us today?

There was but a single other thought from the oration to which I desire to direct your attention, and that was the thought of the influence of New England throughout the whole country. It has been commonly said that the influence of New England has ceased to be important in the country at large. I am not quite sure whether that

is true or not. I am not quite sure how much less the influence of New England is today in the affairs of the country than it was fifty years or a hundred years ago. But assuming it to be true that in direct influence she does exercise less power than she did fifty years ago or a hundred years ago, in indirect influence she exercises the great power of the nation. It is my fortune to see at the heart of the nation people who come back from its different parts to represent their constituencies there. I have a namesake representing one district in the distant state of Oregon. He traces his ancestry back to my own family in your own town of Newbury. It is the New England men and the children and children's children of New England men, who have gone out into the West and the Northwest and conquered that country and redeemed it for civilization, who are now coming back to govern the country through the ideas of New England. It is the New England idea of self-government, the New England idea of intelligence, of public education, which is governing the country today. If the mere dwellers of New England are not governing it, those whom they have sent out are governing it by their ideas.

So I believe we can still say, as was said of old by our poet,

"I sing New England as she lights
Her fires in every prairie's midst.
And where the bright and glancing stars
Shine clear in Southern sky
She still is there, guardian on the tower,
To open for the world a purer power."

Mayor Brown then said:

Ladies and Gentlemen: — There is good reason that we of Newburyport should appreciate highly the visit of the Massachusetts to our waters and the presence of her commander and her officers at our board.

Many a stirring story could be told of the part which men of Newburyport have had in battles on the sea.

This hour, however, is our guests', and to the officers of the navy we would pay especial honor.

I suppose the reason that the ancient custom of toast and sentiment was omitted in the details of this dinner was because it was known that no suitable provision had been made for their proper drinking.

If at any time this omission could cause regret it should be now, for no vintage could be too precious in which to pledge our admiration for the navy of the United States.

As representing that splendid service, I now present Lieutenant-Commander Roy S. Smith, of the navy.

ADDRESS OF LIEUT.-COM. ROY S. SMITH

Ladies and Gentlemen: — I suppose it would be quite impossible for me to add anything to what has been said by so many people about Newburyport and her people and manufactures and literature and everything of that sort, and I don't suppose the people of Newburyport would want to hear anything of that kind from me. But about the navy there is not often an opportunity for a naval man to say anything to a civilian audience, and on each of such occasions he ought to try to do something for the navy.

Well, I can only say that the navy has two principal duties to perform. One of those is to drill and exercise and get ships ready in case of emergencies to meet the enemy if that occasion should arise; and the other duty is to make the acquaintance of people, in order that people may know what we are and what we are doing, and may help to make us a little more than we have been yet. I never have a chance to enter into a conversation, with somebody from the West for instance, that I don't always bring that point up.

In regard to the navy, there is just one thought that ought to appeal to everyone without exception. That is, in case we should come to war in the future with any nation — which we don't expect, but if we should — the first meeting with the enemy will probably be on the water. We might, perhaps, have a war with two nations without fighting on the sea. One would be with England, but there is scarcely much probability of that. The other would be with Mexico, and there is less of that. Any other nation going to war with us would meet us first on the water, and in order to be ready to meet those nations we need, first, ships.

In regard to getting ships, we have one very valuable ally and that is the ship-builder. The ship-builder will see that we get the ships, and we are increasing all the time. The latest comparison that I remember to have seen states that we are now third in the list of powers of the world in the strength of the navy. We are excelled at present only by two nations, England and France. Now, we don't expect to be the strongest navy in the world, but we should like to be

strong enough so that in case of trouble we would be able to do what is expected of the navy.

As I said, I think that the ships will be coming all the time, because we have the ship-builders to help us, but we haven't anybody to help us get men and officers. The reason is that when an officer goes into the navy he ceases to be a constituent. The only way that I know of to have the personnel increase with the ships is to simply have a law that there shall be so many officers for every hundred tons of shipping, and then when a new ship is authorized and arranged for we shall get the officers and men. As it is now, we haven't enough to man the ships we have.

We are very glad to be performing the second duty of the navy — to make the acquaintance of the people — and we are glad to be here on the fiftieth anniversary of their establishment of Newburyport as a city. It will also give us much pleasure to be present at the next similar celebration.

The mayor then called on a bearer of a distinguished Virginian name, Captain Harry Lee, of the United States Marine Corps, who spoke as follows:

ADDRESS OF CAPT. HARRY LEE

Ladies and Gentlemen: — I arise to apologize. A great many apologies, ladies and gentlemen, for my ignorance of Newburyport and its history; also, of its mother state, Massachusetts, of which you claim, and justly claim, to be proud. I expect to appeal to you today through a different course, nationalism through union. I would advise as a youngster that first comes union, statehood, and then town- or city-ship. Through union I expect to appeal, and my prayer is this, that fifty years hence may history say that Newburyport has increased many-fold in its commerce, its population, its finance, and its welfare. That is my prayer.

Mr. Pillsbury was introduced in the following words:

Ladies and Gentlemen: — Those who were privileged to listen to the oration pronounced in city hall, this morning, will be glad to know that the orator of the day will speak again at the banquet.

For the second time I have the honor to present the Hon. Albert E. Pillsbury, of Boston.

ADDRESS OF HON. ALBERT E. PILLSBURY

Mr. Mayor, Ladies and Gentlemen: — I respond to this second call with some hesitation. Having had occasion this morning to say something at city hall, I observed that the instant I had finished and sat down the chorus hastened to sing "Thanks Be to God!" From the manner in which their performance was received by the audience I thought they appeared to be regarded as a remarkably intelligent and appreciative chorus. Under these somewhat uncertain conditions I prefer to regard this second invitation as the usual formal compliment extended on occasions of this character to the man who has already said quite enough and who is neither expected nor desired to say more.

Yet, if I were certain that I had not exhausted the patience of this audience, there is one topic to which I would like to call its attention for a single moment, with apologies to the gentlemen who are still laboring with speeches behind me, whose agony, I assure them, I will not prolong.

I have had the experience, which probably has been shared by all who have been called upon to perform a like duty under like circumstances — to speak in public at Newburyport, — of finding myself confronted with the serious question of what to omit. There is so much to say of Newburyport, so much that can be justly said in praise of Newburyport, of the people of Newburyport, of its place in the history of the country, of its influence in the counsels of the country, that it is difficult to know what to say and what to leave unsaid.

We were looking, this morning, a moment at the picture of old Newburyport in the heyday of her prosperity, a picture without a parallel in the history of New England. It is absolutely unique in the history of New England: a most brilliant and fascinating picture, to which we are liable to look back with regret. I have almost felt such regret, myself, in reading the history of Newburyport. But would you exchange your situation today for theirs? Consider a moment. I suppose not one of the most splendid of those mansions in which the old Newburyport gentry dispensed the hospitality of princes was comfortable either in summer or winter. Coal as fuel was then unknown, and door and window screens had not been invented. They shivered in winter in the bleak climate of this Atlantic coast, and they were exposed to all the depredations in summer from which we are now easily protected by modern inventions.

Every house in this city today is comfortable throughout the most inclement season, from cellar to attic, with coal fires.

They obtained their water supply from more or less contaminated wells and springs. It is no doubt true that the pestilences which enter the history of the colony, the history of New England, were more or less due to this cause or the town pump. You touch a tube in any part of your house, and pure water flows as when Moses smote the rock.

Their streets, through which they drove those elegant equipages of which the Newburyport historians tell us, were muddy lanes compared with yours. The carriages themselves were then the possession of the rich. Now you step at your own door upon the street car, the people's carriage, and ride in any direction for a trifle so insignificant that it seems impossible that Mr. Shaw should grow rich by taking them. Long journeys were then difficult, laborious, often dangerous. Now you cross the continent in a flying hotel in less time than it would have taken them to go from here to New York or Albany.

Communication was then by tardy and irregular mails. You send your messages on the wings of steam or of lightning, or you touch a bell and talk with your correspondent in Chicago or Washington as though face to face.

Information of events was then tardy and meagre. Today the daily newspaper lies upon the breakfast table, bringing the day's history of the world.

Newburyport was never without books, but today the public library, the people's university, in which there is a liberal education for everyone who can read (and who here cannot?), holds out to every inhabitant of the city the world's treasure of thought and learning.

Then the sick were cared for painfully and with difficulty in the discomforts of primeval homes. Today the free hospital offers every luxury, every appliance for comfort and care.

And so I might go on.

The truth is that while the old days look attractive, while it is natural to speak of the period between the Revolution and the war of 1812 as the golden age of Newburyport, the truth is that in everything which tends to promote health, comfort, social elevation, and mutual welfare, our situation is so far advanced that to go back to theirs would be a great hardship,

Now, I have but one thing to add, and this, ladies and gentlemen, is addressed to you and not to the presiding officer. I am sorry

to be obliged to say it in his presence, but I can hardly ask him to go out in order that I may say it. One of the most admirable institutions which I have seen thus far in the course of this celebration, one of the most admirable of Newburyport institutions, one of which it is time that something was said, is the Newburyport mayor. Whether it was art or native modesty which led him to turn all his speeches in such a way that you could not give him the round of applause that he deserved and you were waiting to give him, I do not know, but you have now had the chance and I am very glad to confer the opportunity. Anything more admirable and graceful could not be conceived than the manner in which he has conducted the celebration down to this time — an unpractised hand, he tells me, though I cannot believe it.

Mayor Brown then said:

Ladies and Gentlemen: — I am about to call upon the senator for the third Essex district, and I desire at this time to make to that gentleman public acknowledgment of the interest which, during the session just ended, he has shown in our local affairs.

The assistance he has rendered to us and to the town of Salisbury is fully appreciated by the people of Newburyport, in whose name I welcome him at our table.

I have the pleasure of presenting the Hon. Augustus P. Gardner, of Hamilton.

ADDRESS OF HON. AUGUSTUS P. GARDNER

Mr. Mayor, Ladies and Gentlemen: — I know very well to what His Honor refers when he speaks of my interest in legislation connected with Newburyport this year. I wish to disclaim all responsibility and to place it on the shoulders where it belongs — Representatives Kimball and Pettingell. Such blame as you have to give you can put right on them, because they did it all. Senator Butler and I simply went through the motions and did the talking, while they did the work, and on behalf of my colleague from the fourth district I wish to disclaim all responsibility.

Mr. Mayor, I am always very glad to come to Newburyport. You always treat me well here, and I am especially glad to be here when your beautiful city is smiling under the summer sun, and when we can feel the breeze from the ocean, which reminds us of the glories of this ancient seaport. I always feel when I come to Newburyport that there the skies are bluer, and the grass greener, and the women more

fair, and the men braver than anywhere else on earth. Now, I am aware that some of you may have heard me make a somewhat similar observation last year at Topsfield, and I am quite certain, unless my memory plays me false, that if I have not paid the same compliment to the people of my own town in Hamilton I have said something very like it. And I will go so far as to say that I had prepared a speech to be delivered at Gloucester with the same words in it, but for some reason or other I have decided to postpone it. But there is no insincerity whatever in the speech. Wherever I go in Essex county, it seems to me the fairest spot on the face of the globe. It seems to me in each town as if nothing could be more beautiful, just as the traveler, no matter in what part of the world he may be, can always see the pole star at due north.

Mr. Mayor, I am well aware that after-dinner speakers, on occasions of this sort, prepare themselves by a somewhat superficial perusal of the history of the locality where they are being entertained, and I will unblushingly admit that I have burnished up my own somewhat deficient knowledge of history by reading a most admirable work on the city of Newburyport, published in about 1850, by one Mrs. Smith. I have derived a considerable knowledge of your fellow citizens, sir, from that book. I may say that whereas I thought I understood something about Newburyport before, I now feel that I really understand the problems which have confronted you in the past.

Mrs. Smith has explained, for instance, a matter which has always puzzled me. So far as I have been able to make out, the population of Newburyport has been almost at a standstill for a long time, and I have often heard various reasons given, but they have always seemed to me to be inadequate until I read Mrs. Smith's admirable book. Now, Mr. Mayor, I find that the reason that people do not come to live at Newburyport is because they are afraid of earthquakes. I counted the number of earthquakes which she enumerated in Newburyport from 1638 to 1852, and there were just sixty-one of them. Can't you feel the ground almost tremble? Just think of the bravery of your people to stay here in a town which is liable at any time to undergo such an upheaval! But that is not all that has kept your population down. How about caterpillars? Did you read about the plague of caterpillars which carried off an immense number of children from Newburyport in 1755? Let me read what a contemporary writer says:

"Many thousand acres of thick woods had the leaves and twigs of this year's growth entirely eaten up. They cleared off every green thing, so that the trees were as naked as in the depths of winter. They were larger than the common caterpillar. No river or pond could stop them; they would swim like dogs, and traveled in uncountable armies. Cart and carriage wheels would be dyed green from the number they crushed in their progress,—"

these caterpillars which removed the children of Newburyport! Why, that contemporary writer would make Ananias blush. That caterpillar would make the gypsy moth hang his head in shame.

But your history is full of many significant occurrences,—occurrences which well demonstrate the sterling character of your inhabitants in the past, and attest the advanced public sentiment which has always obtained in this neighborhood. I find in your records that on the 31st day of May, in the year 1776 (mark the date, the 31st day of May), the town of Newburyport passed a vote approving of the Declaration of Independence. You can see that it must have been that which inspired Thomas Jefferson's pen to indite that document some two months later. If you will turn to your records you will find that is upon them.

You will also find, in 1824, the town tendered a vote of thanks to Mr. John Porter for unprecedented energy in collecting taxes. Mr. Mayor, think of your sires crowding to see who would pay their taxes first! Think of their passing resolutions complimenting a tax gatherer on his activity! Where could you find a brighter proof of good citizenship than in records on your town papers like that?

But they were not the greatest citizens, Mr. John Porter, or even those various worthies that have been enumerated this afternoon and that I felt sure would be enumerated, so I have looked up some other worthies for myself. I have heard a great many times of your heroes and heroines, but it remained for Mrs. Smith's book to reveal to me Mrs. Harriet Livermore. Undoubtedly Harriet Livermore's name to you is a household word, but to me she was new, and I wished to have further information than I could find on your records, which simply show this: "Harriet Livermore, in 1827, left Newburyport (which was bad), and preached at Tammany Hall, in New York (which was a great deal worse). Anyone may be pardoned for his curiosity in wondering whether the doctrines which she preached in Tammany Hall, in New York, in 1827, are the gospel according to St. Croker, today.

But I shall not detain you any longer with the burden of these reminiscences from your own history. You have had many historians

today, and probably by the time the day is over you will begin to think you know what it is all about. But I will call your attention, Mr. Mayor, to a law which was enacted by the General Court, in 1767, which may be of great use to the people of Newburyport. It was a law by which your town was empowered to dispose of any persons whose presence was undesirable. If that law is on the statute books, as I have no doubt it is today, because they seldom repeal those special laws, I think you can always feel safe in the future against having an after-dinner speaker trespass on the time of his successors.

Mayor Brown then spoke as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen:— Our literary committee extended to several clergymen, born or formerly resident here, invitations to be present at this dinner.

Among those invited were the Right Reverend Thomas M. Clark, D. D., bishop of Rhode Island; the Reverend Ashbel G. Vermilye, D. D., of New York; the Reverend Arthur J. Teeling, of Lynn; the Rev. Albert W. Hitchcock, of Worcester; and others.

Unfortunately, several of these have been obliged to decline. Dr. Vermilye is critically ill. The bishop of Rhode Island, although just entering his ninetieth year, sends us a cheery, characteristic letter, presently to be read by the chairman of the committee, who has beside a letter from the Reverend Mr. Hitchcock. Of the clergy invited, the Reverend Father Teeling alone is present. For many years he lived among us, a good priest, an upright citizen. I present Reverend Arthur J. Teeling, of Lynn.

ADDRESS OF REV. ARTHUR J. TEELING

Mr. Mayor, Ladies and Gentlemen, My Good Friends of Newburyport:— It is indeed a pleasure for me to be once again among you and on such a happy occasion. Your kindly remembrance and cordial welcome make me gladly realize that you regard me as still a friend. Most naturally I feel perfectly at home here, perfectly at home in this grand old city,— grand in its foundation, grand in its heroes of historic fame, grand in the achievements of its noble sons on land and sea in the defence and the development of our country, grand in its literature and in the arts and sciences, grand in its industrial, educational, charitable, and religious institutions, and grand in the love and the affection of its sons and daughters, who

gather here today to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the good city of Newburyport.

Yes, my good friends, I feel perfectly at home here, for here I lived among you for nearly a quarter of a century; here I made many friends, some of whom have passed away, while many still live here in the enjoyment of health, strength, and prosperity,— with which may God long bless them! The years that I lived and labored among you were those of my young manhood, my early years in the priesthood. Consequently the impressions made upon me were clear and forcible; hence they are and will be indellible. I need not tell you that these impressions are of the most pleasant and friendly nature.

You do well, my good friends, to celebrate this anniversary, the fiftieth of the old town of Newburyport as a city. Her sons and daughters and former residents do well to flock to the old home, to the banks of the old Merrimac, to the city of their birth or of their residence in by-gone days, to greet one another in fullness of heart, to enjoy the companionship of old associates, to partake of the hospitality of her generous people, and to hear her praises proclaimed in oratory and song by her gifted sons and daughters.

I remember well and most pleasantly the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of the old town, which we commemorated not so long ago. I recall how it revived the history of the early settlement,— its substantial and healthy growth,— in the minds of both young and old, and how their hearts were filled with laudable pride in its glorious records. I was then a citizen of Newburyport, and I addressed you on that occasion as one of its clergymen. I can never forget the impression that that celebration made upon me. I believe in celebrations of this kind, because by them you are making history for future generations. And what is still more important, you are spreading out before the eyes of your children the history of your city in a manner and in a way that will impress and enlighten them. As they advance in years they will look back upon this celebration, the fiftieth anniversary of their city, with happy recollections. They will treasure all they have heard and seen, and, if God permit them to live to see the next fiftieth anniversary, they will come back in memory to this day, and they will intelligently compute the progress and advancement that shall have been made.

I often think of this grand old city, and, looking back, my years spent in its pleasant abode seem to me the happiest and most contented of my life.

I thank the gentlemen of the committee for giving me this opportunity of saying a few words of hearty congratulation on this happy

occasion to my friends of Newburyport, who have and always will have a warm place in my heart. May the good old city prosper, may her people ever be happy, is the wish of one of her heartiest of well-wishers.

The mayor then called on Hon. E. P. Dodge, chairman of the literary committee, who read three letters, one from Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island; one from W. C. Todd, of Atkinson, N. H.; and one from P. K. Hills, Esq., only surviving member of the first city government of Newburyport. The letters follow:

LETTER FROM BISHOP CLARK

I wish that I might be in Newburyport on June 24th and 25th, but I am just entering upon my ninetieth year and my age prevents me from traveling any distance.

I remember with perfect distinctness Newburyport just as it was between eighty and ninety years ago, and I know of no survivor of my time.

I was one of those who received President Monroe when he visited Newburyport in 1817, as I was appointed to stand with the long row of boys along the old mall as he rode by on his splendid black horse. A few years later I went out of my father's house, late at night, in a rain storm, to await the arrival of Lafayette, and a company of cavalry made its appearance as I stood at the head of Green street, and did me the honor of asking in what direction the great French general was coming to town. I recollect, also, that the rain made great havoc with the arches and decorations which had been prepared for the occasion.

The next morning, before breakfast, I was allowed to call upon Lafayette in his chamber, my father being one of the committee to receive him, and I well remember how he called me to his side, and said "My son, if you live to be a man you must be a patriot and love your country."

The embargo, and the great fire of 1811, and other causes, had combined to check the growth of the town, and in my boyhood there was scarcely a building of any description erected in the place, and the inmates of the poor-house, on Federal street, used to go around with their hoes digging up the weeds which sprang up in the quiet streets. I supposed that the world was finished a little while before I was born, and that nothing more would be done to it.

I remember distinctly the ministers in those days, who never received calls from one parish to another, and seemed to me to be very aged men.

The Rev. Dr. Andrews ministered placidly in the Pleasant street church, which was distinguished for having an organ, these instruments being considered very questionable innovations by most of the denominations.

Good Dr. Dana administered the gospel in strict conformity with old fashioned Calvinism, and I was much impressed by his sermons on account

of the holy tones of his voice, though I had no comprehension of the truths which he uttered.

Parson Milton, of the Prospect street church, thundered the gospel in such a tremendous voice that, in the summer time when the windows were open, all the neighbors had the benefit of his sermons without attending church.

Dr. Morse, of St. Paul's church, could be seen, on Sunday mornings, walking from his house to the church, in cassock, gown, bands, and black silk gloves, with all the solemnity and dignity that became a man who felt that, however it might be with others, he had an undoubted right to discharge the duties of the ministerial office.

Mr. Dimick labored faithfully in the church on Brown square with a persuasive gentleness and fervor which won the hearts of all.

I faintly remember hearing old Dr. Spring preach a preparatory lecture in the ancient, wooden meeting-house, when I was only three or four years old. If he had lived until the present time he would have been somewhere about one hundred and fifty years of age.

I distinctly recall the afternoon when the old church was taken down, and remember just how the tall spire looked as it gracefully curved through the air in its descent to the earth. I was at that time the captain of what was known as the Newburyport Junior Artillery, and I drew up my company before the building in order that they might have a view of the catastrophe.

So far as I know, all the members of the company have departed this life. Among the last was Edward S. Moseley, so well known to you all as one of your most distinguished and useful citizens, and who, if I remember right, was lieutenant of the company.

The ministers of "Giles's meeting-house" (as it was called), which stood directly in the rear of my father's garden, but which has since been turned to face Harris street, I do not distinctly recollect, as they never remained for any length of time.

Although the commerce of the place had greatly decreased, there were always a few vessels engaged in foreign trade, and their arrival home was one of the marked events of my childhood. When they came from the West Indies, and the molasses barrels were ranged along the wharves, there was always a great gathering of the boys, with their long sticks, by means of which they were able to extract a small quantity of the contents for their own immediate use.

There was no bridge at that time connecting the town with the opposite shore, and the only public conveyance for those who wished to cross the river was a small wherry moored at "Ferry wharf," which was rowed over at regular intervals, a notice of the departure being announced by a loud horn sounded near the market place.

Among the favorite summer resorts were "The Laurels," where the young boys and girls wandered about and gathered flowers, and the "chain bridge," near by, from which the launching of vessels could be seen, was a great attraction. There was also the "Devil's Den," with its weird traditions, and "Devil's Pulpit," from which he was said to preach at midnight; and the excavations and subterranean passages, about which strange stories were told, were among the fascinating haunts of my childhood.

I see that you are to have a military parade on this occasion, and this recalls to my mind the Artillery Company as it was eighty years ago, in its Continental uniform, which I presume few people now living have ever seen; and the "Washington Light Infantry," with its scarlet uniform and crested caps and long red streamers; and the old, common militia companies, with officers gorgeously arrayed, while the soldiers were distinguished by ordinary colored knapsacks and something which passed for a military cap.

I wonder if the bells still ring the hours of one o'clock, and nine o'clock in the evening; and if the banks and shops are closed from one to two o'clock; and whether there is a town-crier who announces public events; or if on Sunday mornings the banns of marriage are proclaimed by the town clerk from his pew; or whether the Harris street church bell proclaims the opening of the neighboring court with a peculiar twang which we children interpreted as "Run, boys, run; the court's begun."

I could go on indefinitely with such reminiscences as these, but I must not occupy your time.

I have heard it said that one could go nowhere in the world without meeting someone who was connected with Newburyport, and I do not think there are many places for which the inhabitants feel a deeper attachment.

I trust that the richest blessings of heaven may always be bestowed upon this venerated place which I have inadvertently spoken of as a town, forgetting that it has now risen to the dignity of a city.

I have written these recollections in as cheerful a tone as I could, but it is not to be supposed that I can recall without deep and solemn feeling the scenes of the past, and the memories of those whom I once knew as living actors in the drama of life but who are at this hour dwellers in another world.

May I not be allowed, as I address the citizens of the town where I preached my first sermon more than seventy years ago, to say one word in closing to remind you of the sacred duties which you owe to your Father in Heaven, begging you to consecrate yourselves with all your powers and faculties to His reasonable service.

Our days on earth are numbered, but they open on an eternal life.

THOMAS M. CLARK,
Bishop of Rhode Island.

NEWPORT, R. I., June 10th, 1901.

LETTER FROM WILLIAM C. TODD, ESQ.

ATKINSON, N. H., June 17, 1901.

HON. MOSES BROWN, Mayor:

My Dear Sir:—I have been prevented by absence from an earlier acknowledgment of the invitation as a guest of the city of Newburyport at the approaching celebration, an honor which I duly appreciate and for which I am grateful, though I cannot be present.

My acquaintance with Newburyport commenced in 1837, when I made a visit there to listen to the Fourth of July oration of John Quincy Adams, in my boyhood. From 1854 to 1864 an engagement made me a citizen of the

city, and since then I have deemed it a privilege to spend more or less time every year in your honored old city.

Coffin's History of Newbury gives an account of what was called the "Ipswich Scare." A messenger from Rowley, one Ebenezer Todd, "rushed into Mr. Carey's church, bearing all the marks of real alarm in his countenance, covered with dust, his apparel disordered, and shouting, "Turn out, turn out! For God's sake, turn out, or you will all be killed! The regulars are coming, cutting and slashing all before them!" The report was easily credited, as it was only two days after the Lexington fight, in which many from Newbury had been engaged. Though the report was false, it indicated the good will of the messenger for Newburyport, and his anxiety to preserve the place from destruction.

My father was born in Rowley and was named Ebenezer Todd, and his father had the same name and nativity. Unless there were more, then, of the name in Rowley, this Ebenezer Todd, so anxious to save the place, was my grandfather. He was a soldier of the Revolutionary war, having twice enlisted to serve his country, the second time till the close of the war.

My long acquaintance with Newburyport, and my sense of its great value to the world, have made me as anxious as was my grandfather to preserve it, and if I ever learn that evil menaces it, I will hasten, as he did, to give warning, that it may be preserved for another half century as prosperous as the past, for which it has my most earnest well wishes.

Very respectfully yours,

WILLIAM C. TODD.

LETTER FROM P. K. HILLS, ESQ.

NEWBURYPORT, June 12, 1901.

HON. E. P. DODGE.

Dear Sir: — The invitation of the committee of which you are a member to attend and speak at the banquet on the occasion of the commemorative exercises in connection with the fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of our city is before me, but the condition of my health does not admit of the acceptance of it.

I may be allowed here to testify to the great benefits which the city received by having General Caleb Cushing as its first mayor. Of course, I was associated with him more or less intimately during his brief continuance in the office, and had ample opportunity to witness the indefatigable industry with which he applied himself to everything pertaining to the new municipality. He spent a great deal of time at the city hall, and was not idle while there. The city seal and motto were his, and in the preparation of the necessary ordinances, by-laws, etc., his hand was constantly applied. He was very methodical, and his great mind took in the most minute details of administration, and it can be thus seen how he impressed himself upon all. The first board of aldermen were men of ability and experience in town affairs. Taking all these things together, the city had a good start. It has been administered since with honesty and ability, free from the scandals which have attached themselves to many other cities, and I think upon the whole I may be warranted in proposing this sentiment: —

The city of Newburyport, 1851–1901; a city of honest officials, and may its future history be thus truthfully characterized, and added thereto prosperity and happiness.

Cordially thanking your committee for the invitation, and for their oral expressions of friendly sentiments, I remain

Your very obedient servant,

P. K. Hills. [L. C. H.]

Mayor Brown then spoke as follows:

The gentleman upon whom I am about to call is not, strictly speaking, a citizen of Newburyport, but he comes to us as early and stays with us as late each season as is possible, a sure indication, I think, of his kindly disposition toward our people, for whom I beg leave at this time to express to him the best of neighborly regard.

Ladies and gentlemen — the Honorable Harvey N. Shepard, of Boston.

ADDRESS OF HON. HARVEY N. SHEPARD

Mr. Mayor, Ladies and Gentlemen: — At this late hour, and after so many have spoken, I shall not presume to intrude upon your attention for more than a very few minutes. I have been at a loss to conjecture to what I am indebted for my presence upon this occasion, not having the honor to be either by birth or residence a citizen of Newburyport, and not holding any official position in nation or state. But now I understand. I come from an insular possession, and am, as it were, if not a citizen, a subject of Newburyport. I am most happy in this presence to acknowledge my deep allegiance. For fifteen years I have made here my summer home, and during that fifteen years my admiration for Newburyport and its people has grown and strengthened. It would be like carrying coals to Newcastle for me here to speak of the natural advantages of this city. And yet you will pardon me if I ask where you can go on this continent or across the ocean and find another street comparable with your own High street for its quiet and attractive beauty; while the poems of Whittier have made known the charms of the Merrimac river wherever the English language is read or spoken.

It is my privilege, this morning, a privilege which I long shall remember, to listen with deep interest to the admirable address of the distinguished orator, an address of which it can be said, what can be said of very few addresses, that it will be as much profit to read it

hereafter in our homes as it was a pleasure to listen to it in the city hall this morning.

He told us that the greatness of Newburyport is not due to the extent of its territory, nor the abundance of its population, nor to its overflowing wealth, but to its people — the noblest, the best heritage which the past can give to the present. And if I read aright the history of this people for two hundred and fifty years, if I know anything of them today, the same characteristics which were planted here by the founders abide in the present — the same energy, the same devotion, the same courage. The first ship that was built and launched in this heart of the new world was built and sent out upon the ocean from here, and I am glad to know that the earliest and the most prosperous shipyards of Essex county were found upon the island where I live during the summer months. The name of the infant republic of the United States was spread widest to the world by the merchants and mariners of Newburyport who sailed to the far East or circumnavigated the globe. Today it is a commonplace to speak of human freedom. It is a little thing to feel that all men are free. Can you then conjecture what courage it required to raise here the cry against African slavery; to start here the attempt to remove that black spot from the constitution of the United States? There are other bright pages in the history of this city; there are other memorable things in its past; but if they were all blotted out, if this city should be swallowed in the waters of the ocean, yet so long as the work and life of William Lloyd Garrison are known, so long will Newburyport hold its place wherever there is a struggling people or wherever there is an aspiration for freedom.

The banner of our commonwealth is a white banner. So is the banner without spot or stain of this city of Newburyport. Fifty years of your history are past, fifty new years now have come. What will they bring? We know not. And yet I am sure that should the occasion arise there will be found in the men and women of today, in the children in your homes, the same devotion as in the past, the same high courage, the same allegiance to right and duty, to principles, and to every aspiration, every effort, every work that makes for civil and religious liberty, that makes better men, better women, truer citizens, and a nobler and higher city.

The mayor said:

Ladies and Gentlemen: — I am about to introduce a gentleman who may be said to represent, in his past and present life, the bar, the

legislature, the army, and the press;— born in our city, married here, and retaining for its people, its places, its traditions a sincere affection. I am happy to present him — the Honorable William Reed, of Taunton.

ADDRESS OF HON. WILLIAM REED

Mr. Toastmaster and Ladies and Gentlemen: — As I have been sitting here it has struck me very forcibly how unevenly honors are distributed in this life of ours. You have had an array of able and eloquent speakers, men whose fame has extended beyond state lines, and yet when it comes down to — well, the rear end of the procession, the dissolving view of the banquet, you strike, I think, the first genuine son of Newburyport, the first fellow of the whole lot born in this city. Now I am not responsible for that, and it happened many years ago, and I was so young at the time that I have forgotten all about it, but I certainly have atoned for it by holding down one of these chairs so long, and I am going to make use of it by saying but a few words.

On an occasion like this it is necessary, you all know, that the last speaker shall thresh over the old stories, shall ring the chestnut bell; but the bell this time is ringing out the old and ringing in the new, and if we do hit a little on the lines our predecessors have trodden upon, you will pardon it, for it is your great day, your day of jubilee, your day of exultation.

Now fifty years to those who are climbing the hill of life seems a terrible abyss of time, almost immeasurable. To those of us who have climbed up the hill and are stepping down upon the other side, they are but a brief interval which memory bridges in a moment. It seems to me but yesterday since, with other little lads of the grammar school, I was mustered into a pageant of all nations, and trudged through these streets on a blazing hot Fourth of July day as an Asiatic. The glory of that turban and those Turkish trousers has never been surpassed by any subsequent attainment. And yet, my friends, that was fifty years ago, and Newburyport was just then beginning its experiment as a city. Now, when one of us wanderers returns to the old homestead after long years of life elsewhere, silence is more expressive than the spoken word. The old nook and corner, the glimmering river, the breeze laden with the scent of the New Hampshire hills, the old buildings which have survived the wrecking hand of time, the church spires pointing to the sky, and the panorama

of hill and vale, all bear to him a message and a greeting which he can obtain in no other way.

The visions of youth are apt to be but flimsy dreams, and are dissipated soon by the scorching sun of reality; but the visions of maturer years are those which can be reclad with the full panoply of life and made to pass and repass, as the old drama of other days has been re-enacted. So we who are descended from those who first planted their homes by this gateway of the sea have the right to look back and review the struggles of old that went before us. We can do it unflinchingly, calmly, fearlessly, because our blood has been cooled by the struggle for place and position, our pulses have been slowed down by the necessity for performance, and we do not look at the hot zenith sun but turn our eyes toward the longer shadows of the afternoon. And if we go back over history and think of those who are responsible for our being here on this earth, we can see them beginning here the struggle for existence; we can see them meeting with savage men and beasts, breasting the unwilling sea and gathering in its riches, sweeping away the grim forests of the soil, and digging, toiling, sweating, freezing, until the village had succeeded the wigwam, the broad highway the Indian trail, and the church and school-house stood as pointers for that civilization which was to spread over the mighty continent and be the keystone of this nation, yet then to be, but which was to set the pace of this world.

But I must be brief. I don't want to go over the old ground that has been gone over so often, but I do want to say this: In the beautiful capitol grounds at Richmond there are groups of statuary which show to the observer the contribution of the Old Dominion to the framework of this country. Virginia there shows her presidents, her warriors, her jurists, and her statesmen, and one feels like standing with uncovered head as he recalls those mighty men and the work they did, which transcended far beyond state lines and has become an inheritance of our common country. As your orator told you in similar words this afternoon, if this little city could place upon her public grounds the bronze memorials of those of her citizens who have been eminent leaders and commanders in the arts of war and peace, in all that makes for wisdom, life, liberty, happiness, the Old Dominion would have a worthy rival in the array it would call forth.

Their graves, my friends, are scattered over this mighty continent, or their homes, but their influence — the grandest thing they handed down to us — their influence yet lives; — yes, lives in places made better by their presence; lives in volumes which touch upon everything that is vital to human interests; in the law which gives the

largest liberty to a free people; in the far-reaching justice which binds the whole world together in social relations, and is regarded as the keystone, in fact, the arch of commercial progress and prosperity.

On a day like this, at a time like this, it is right, it is more than right that we should pay a grateful debt of obligation to those who have gone before; it is proper. And when I say that, don't think that I mean to intimate that the hope of this city is sealed and that its work has been completed. Far from it. The old spirit which located the city in the wilderness, which built up the town by the sea, which sent out its materials of peace, of progress, of education, of art, of literature wide over the land, and I might say all over the world, yet lives and will be equally as potent for the future. For education lives, patriotism lives, liberty lives, and ambition still pushes good men and women forward to labor and toil for the good, the true, and the beautiful. And wherever the old Newburyport spirit stands, wherever it lives,— be it here, be it there,— I have always found and you will find that its fiber is tough, its roots have a habit of clinging to the best and richest soil, and that its sap is clean. It is good stock, and its wandering children like myself, who know little of the town save as an occasional pilgrim, are glad they come from that kind of Americanism, and will always be found ready to support it and maintain it.

The mayor then introduced Hon. Albert Currier in the following words:

It is with a feeling of singular satisfaction that I am enabled to present the senior of our living former mayors. The gentleman to whom I allude was chief executive in 1859 and 1860.

He had been chairman of the last board of selectmen of the town of Newburyport in 1850 and 1851; he was intimately connected with the movement which resulted in the city charter.

Throughout his life he has been identified with the best interests of Newburyport, and it is a pleasure to me to speak for all our people in recognition of his sterling character, and to introduce him to this company.

Ladies and gentlemen — the Honorable Albert Currier.

ADDRESS OF HON. ALBERT CURRIER

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: — The older we grow the more fondly we cherish our earliest recollections. Others will speak of later events in the history of the city. I turn with particular pleasure to the days and scenes before we became a city, and if anyone

asks "What have we to celebrate?" I answer, we celebrate our heritage from as good a town as was ever incorporated in the state of Massachusetts. We do well to keep its memory alive and to let its simple virtue influence us today.

My recollections of the old town go back to 1826 and '27, when the suspension bridge over the Merrimac river was finished, which was the first suspension bridge in the United States. It was located on the present site of the traveled bridge. The Newburyport bridge had four pyramids and five spans. The center span was crowned some four feet in order to give better accommodation for the passage of boats. This bridge was taken down in 1840, and the railroad bridge was built on the same foundations. It was a double bridge, the lower floor being for public travel and the railroad overhead.

Early in the history of Newburyport, five or six distilleries and one large brewing establishment were in full blast, the town at that time being one of the largest (if not the largest) importers of molasses and sugar in New England, and it was not an uncommon thing to have the wharves covered with hogsheads of molasses and sugar.

Three of these wharves were above the present bridge, now gone. There were at that time a number of good landings used by the public, which were let out by the old town of Newbury and afterwards purchased by the town of Newburyport, among which were the landing at the foot of Federal street, the market landing at the rear of the present police station, Market street, and the Kent street landing, where the water came nearly up to the street.

In the spring a large number of rafts of wood came down the river to supply our citizens with fuel. This was before the introduction of coal.

There were about one hundred and fifty sail of fishermen and many Labrador-men, which today have entirely disappeared.

Up to 1861 we had about fifty ships and barks owned here, and shipbuilding was extensively carried on. John Currier built ninety-seven ships and barks; Currier & Townsend, Ben Masterson, George Currier, and Atkinson & Fillmore, and some others built many fine ships. The vessels engaged in the fishing business were built in what is now ward one by the Woodwells and others, and it was no uncommon thing to see many building at one time. This industry has long ago departed.

The second centennial of the town of Newbury occurred in May, 1835. Services were held in what was called at that time Old Maids' Hall, now the site of Oak Hill cemetery, and it was a gala day. The

towns of Newbury, Newburyport, and West Newbury, which were formerly with the old town of Newbury, took part.

The expenses of the town of Newburyport were $25,000; and the last year, 1850, the appropriation was $25,000, including $1250 toward paying the town debt. At the end of the year $3885 was paid on that debt.

In 1850 the city hall was built. The town appropriated $30,000 to cover the expense of land and buildings, and it was completed within the appropriation.

Politically my memory goes back to the second term of Andrew Jackson, in 1832, when the cry "Hurrah for Jackson!" was heard on all our streets. Then in 1836 came Martin Van Buren, and next came the memorable campaign of William Henry Harrison, which was the noisiest campaign before or since. "Tip and Tyler" was the watchword, hard cider and log cabins were paraded about the streets, and banners of all descriptions, such as "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," "I go for Tyler without why or wherefore," were everywhere displayed.

Newburyport, before the fire of 1811 and the war of 1812, was one of the most prosperous places in New England. The population was once 7,800, and the valuation was $7,800,000; $1,000 to each and every inhabitant. After the great fire the population decreased from 7,800 to 6,100 in 1830, and the valuation decreased one-half and has never fully recovered from the effects of the fire.

Other reminiscences of the old town crowd my mind, but I give way to other speakers. As I was honored by being a member of the last board of selectmen under the town government, and am the oldest survivor of the mayors under the city government, I take this occasion to express my deep sense of gratitude to my fellow citizens, and to wish for my native place a long course of growth and prosperity.

Mayor Brown said:

Ladies and Gentlemen: — As we draw toward the close of these exercises, I shall beg leave to present two gentlemen who represent the present city council, the presidents respectively of the board of aldermen and the common council.

[Mr. Arthur Withington, the president of the board of aldermen, having been obliged to withdraw, Mr. Robert G. Dodge, president of the common council, was introduced. He spoke as follows.]

ADDRESS OF ROBERT G. DODGE, ESQ.

Mr. President and Gentlemen: — I am certainly too modest to detain this fragment of an audience more than a moment. If there were time I should have liked to say a word or two about my predecessors in the office of common councilman. The list began with Colonel Stone, and included P. K. Hills, the late William Cushing, Mr. Currier, who has done so much to make this celebration a success, and His Honor our present mayor. It has been a list among which I am sure any man of today would be proud to be enrolled.

I wanted to say also a word or two about the men who have been members of the council in the past, and above all about the interest which I myself, in my short experience of public life (if I may so term it), have taken. The experience has been to me a very valuable one, and it has had an interest for me which I did not by any means anticipate. It is a constant source of surprise to me that so few young men whom I meet from day to day take any interest in these things. One man has no time for it; another scorns any office so humble as that of councilman. It seems to me this is a great mistake. I don't mean to say that all our time and interest should be given to the affairs of government, but if our people would only realize that the actual personal participation in the work of this city government is a matter of interest and personal value, I am sure that our successors fifty years hence would have something to celebrate perhaps even more than we have today.

And there is just one more word I want to say with regard to this matter of the interest which should be taken in the work of the local government. We have in the common council, today, one gentleman who I am glad to see is still present, who exemplifies in a very high degree the proper spirit with which this work should be looked at. I don't believe there is a better illustration in the history of the government. I refer to the senior councilman at the present time, the gentleman of ward 6 who sits before me. Although he has passed the age of three score years and ten, although he has received several honors at the hands of his fellow citizens, he did not hesitate to accept again the humble office of councilman; and knowing as I do the work he has accomplished this year, I want to close my short remarks by saying I am sure his reputation as a careful and efficient public servant has been only increased thereby.

In conclusion Mayor Brown read the following telegrams, which he said had been received while the speaking was taking place:

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 24.

HON. MOSES BROWN, Mayor of Newburyport, Mass.

Greatly disappointed in not being with my fellow-townsmen today. Though absent so much, I shall always be proud to claim Newburyport as my home. I send you and my fellow-citizens congratulations and most cordial greetings. EDW. A. MOSELEY.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, June 24.

HON. MOSES BROWN, Mayor.

All honor to old Newburyport. I am present in spirit if not in person. Best wishes. PAUL A. PATHE.

The ushers at the banquet were: Fred W. Parsons, head; Burton G. Philbrick, J. Philbrick, Edward M. Coffin, Richard D. Tucker, and Ralph T. Hale.

While the guests were assembling at the armory, the Adelphi orchestra, J. K. Nichols, leader, gave the following concert program:

March, "Hail to the Spirit of Liberty"	Sousa
Overture, "Jubel"	Weber
Waltz, "Artist Life"	Strauss
Selection, "Burgomaster"	Luders
Caprice Poetic, "Une Ondee de Sourires"	Bailey
March, "Harvard Volunteers"	Grace Weston Lunt
Selection, "Lohengrin"	Wagner
Intermezzo, "Naila"	Delibes
Hungarian Dances	Brahms
Selection, "San Toy"	Joues
Waltz, "Blue Danube"	Strauss
March, "The Viceroy"	Herbert

WAR DEPARTMENT
LIBRARY.

EXERCISES ON TUESDAY

THE PARADE

A more delightful day than Tuesday could not have been produced. It seemed as though Providence smiled on the second day of Newburyport's fiftieth anniversary. Early in the morning the organizations that were to participate in the parade, which was the principal feature of the day, began to arrive. The naval battalion from the battleship Massachusetts came ashore shortly after 7 o'clock. They were transported from ship to shore in a large coal barge, towed by one of the Merrimac River Towing Company tugs. This organization was the first to arrive at their assigned place. The first battalion of the Eighth regiment, M. V. M., arrived in good season, and the Grand Army was soon in place. The other organizations and features marched into place from time to time, and shortly after 10 o'clock the parade was started.

Owing to the perfection with which the plans had been outlined, there was no confusion in swinging the different divisions into line. After the procession was all in motion it extended at least two miles, and the head was nearly back to the starting point before the last part of the trades division had begun to move. It was the largest parade that Newburyport has seen in recent years, and all that could be heard was in the nature of praise of the various features.

Of course the marines and sailors attracted a great deal of attention, and the gallant fellows were frequently applauded as they passed. Their marching was excellent, and the people were impressed with the fact that the nation's affairs on the sea are in safe hands.

There was plenty of music. At frequent intervals throughout

the parade were brass bands and drum corps, and they were not niggardly in their selections.

The route of march was as follows: Down State, Middle, up Fair, through Orange, Milk, down Lime, Purchase, up Bromfield, High, down Green, up Washington, down Kent, up Merrimac, Broad, High to Forester, countermarch down High, Market, Pleasant, State streets to Market square, where the parade was dismissed.

The procession was made up as follows:

CHIEF MARSHAL,

Captain Alexander G. Perkins.

CHIEF OF STAFF,

Captain Charles N. Safford.

AIDS,

Captain David E. Jewell, Lieutenant Frank Stinson, Lieutenant G. H. Dow, Lieutenant Svanberg.

Edward G. Williams and C. F. Marr, orderlies to the chief marshal.

CHIEF OF CIVILIAN STAFF,

Joseph H. A. Currier.

AIDS,

Charles H. Webster, Irving K. Wells, Leonard S. Davis, Frank Davis, George O. Plumer, S. Albert Wells, Willard A. Hatch, 2d, William B. O'Beirne, Dr. James C. Kelley, Edward C. Johnson, John J. Collins, Watson Redden.

FIRST DIVISION.

Major William Stopford, division commander.

Aids: Major F. L. Junkins, Adjutant Charles M. McIsaacs.

Portsmouth Naval Brass Band, 23 men, Ralph Rienwald, leader.

Battalion of marines and sailors from United States battleship Massachusetts, 250 men, Lieutenant G. R. Salisbury, commanding.

Pioneer Corps.

First Company (marines), Captain Harry Lee, Lieutenant Monell.

Second Company (sailors), Lieutenant Lang and Gunner Whitehead.

Third Company (sailors), Lieutenant G. A. Lincoln, Naval Cadet Wortman.

Fourth Company (sailors), Lieutenant C. F. Hughes, Lieutenant Deligeorges.

First Battalion, Eighth regiment, Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, 205 men and 11 officers.

Company A, Newburyport, 59 men, Lieutenant E. W. Miller and Lieutenant R. L. Shepard commanding.

Company B, Everett, 60 men, Captain E. L. Sweetser, Lieutenant C. H. Hillman and Lieutenant George A. Kyle commanding.

Company E, Beverly, 33 men. Captain Augustus P. Gardner and Lieutenant C. B. Burnham commanding.

Company G, Gloucester, 53 men, Captain E. J. Horton, Lieutenant Kincaird and Lieutenant Hugh McDonald commanding.

Band Sergeant John A. Beane.

Newburyport Cadet Band, 25 men, J. Nichols, leader.

A. W. Bartlett Post, No. 49, G. A. R., Newburyport, 60 men, Joseph C. Richardson commanding.

John A. Logan Post, No. 21, G. A. R., Seabrook, N. H., 15 men, Rev. William A. Rand commanding.

Charles Sumner Post, No. 101, G. A. R., Groveland, 20 men, Isaac Day commanding.

E. P. Wallace Post, No. 122, G. A. R., Amesbury, 30 men, D. E. Getchell commanding.

Rowley Brass Band, 21 men, E. B. Hale, leader.

General Appleton Post, No. 128, G. A. R., Ipswich, 40 men, C. W. Bamford commanding.

John P. Balch Garrison, No. 194, R. & V. & N. U., Sergeant John Connell commanding, and guests, Terrance McDonald Garrison, of Amesbury, 30 men in all, the whole under command of Captain C. T. Stephens.

Carriages containing disabled members of the Grand Army.

Carriages containing guests of the city. First carriage, Mayor Brown, President Withington, President Dodge, Senator Butler.

Second carriage, Mayor Hurley of Salem, Mayor Leonard of Lawrence, Mayor Shepard of Lynn, ex-Alderman James F. Carens.

Third carriage, Representative Moody Kimball, Clerk Kimball of house of representatives, Mayor Macintire of Portsmouth, Alderman Cheney of Haverhill.

Fourth carriage, County Commissioner Bishop, Captain Edmund Bartlet, Selectman C. W. Ordway of West Newbury, Selectman Richard T. Noyes of Newbury.

Fifth carriage, T. P. Linehan of Concord, N. H., George P. Sargent, George A. Schofield of Ipswich, Hon. W. A. Johnson.

Sixth carriage, Hon. George H. Plumer, Hon. J. Otis Winkley, James V. Felker, Henry W. Little.

SECOND DIVISION.

Ancient Order of Hibernians, Jere Dineen commanding.

Aids: Rev. A. J. Teeling, county chaplain; Rev. W. H. Ryan, chaplain of Division 9; Patrick P. Sullivan, Cornelius F. Creeden, J. J. Rourke, J. J. Quill, Andrew J. Casey, Timothy Dineen, B. Wm. Barrett, F. J. Donahoe.

Metropolitan Brass Band, of Haverhill, 20 men, F. E. Bolan, leader.

Shields Division, No. 9, A. O. H., Newburyport, 75 men, John J. O'Brien commanding.

National Drum Corps, Haverhill, 12 men, Patrick Clocheey, leader.

Division 14, A. O. H., Haverhill, 50 men, H. F. McKenna commanding.

Division 3, A. O. H., Amesbury, 25 men, Michael J. Burke commanding.

Parochial School Cadets, Newburyport, 35 boys, Sergeant John J. Kelley commanding.

Carriage containing James A. Ryan, of Boston, state president of A. O. H.; Rev. J. B. Labossiere; Rev. J. J. Flood; Jere Healey, ex-president of board of aldermen.

Carriage containing Rev. Mortimer E. Twomey of Malden, Rev. Michael F. Coffey of Cambridge, Rev. William J. Casey of Malden.

THIRD DIVISION.

Fire Department, Chief S. C. Reed commanding.

Newburyport National Band, 28 men, W. B. Knight, leader.

Board of Engineers: Chief Engineer Reed, Assistant Engineers John P. Atkinson, John L. Lewis, John F. Cutter. First Assistant Engineer Clarence T. Merrill of Amesbury.

Chief's wagon, John Davis, driver. In this wagon rode Fred A. Reed, son of Newburyport's chief engineer.

Ladder 1 Company, Captain E. C. Reade commanding.

Ladder 1, drawn by three horses abreast, Dennis Finnegan, driver.

Engine 1 Company, Captain William H. Chase commanding.

Engine 1, four horses, Maurice D. Broderick, driver.

Hose 1, two horses, Albert E. Bray, driver.

Engine 2 Company, Captain Thomas W. Colman commanding.

Engine 2, four horses, Dennis Lucy, driver.

Hose 2, two horses, Frank Annis, driver.

Kearsarge Flute and Drum Corps, 12 men, William T. Belton, Leader.

Engine 3 Company, Captain Samuel T. Chase commanding, and guests,

Hose 1 Company of Amesbury, Captain Edward Lake commanding.

Engine 3, two horses, Dennis Hale, driver.

Hose 3, one horse, George W. Carter, driver.

Hose 1, Amesbury, two horses, Napoleon Larque, driver.

Hose 7 Company, Captain Joel L. Lancey, commanding.

Hose 7, one horse, John Moynihan, driver.

Hose 8 Company, Captain William B. Porter commanding.

Hose 8, one horse, Charles A. Wetherell, driver.

Supply wagon, John J. Lynch, driver.

Newburyport Drum and Piccolo Band, 11 men, John C. Dickie, leader.

Newburyport Veteran Firemen's Association, 50 men, Vice President W. W. Hutchins commanding; G. F. Wilson, first lieutenant; B. H. Batchelder, second lieutenant.

"Tiger" Machine, John Hale, driver.

Miniature Hose Wagon, called the Ring's island fire department, R. Kendall Cheney, hoseman, and Raymond Parsons, driver. The wagon, which was fitted up with hose, lanterns, axes, etc., was drawn by Hoseman Cheney's father and an elder brother.

Haverhill City Band, 23 pieces, Thomas M. Carter, leader and director.

Neptune Veteran Firemen's Association, 90 men, Edward W. Tilton commanding; Albion P. Hilton, first lieutenant; Albert F. Young, second lieutenant.

FOURTH DIVISION.

Lawrence L. Peavey, commander.

Aids: William Jaques and Stephen Hale of Newbury, George Reed and Frank Hoyt of Newburyport.

A. H. Beckford, officer of the day.

Amesbury Fife and Drum Corps.

General Brickett Commandery, Loyal Legion, of Haverhill, Captain Baker in command.

General A. E. DeRoche, Colonel W. R. Rich, Adjutant George Bean, First Assistant J. H. Williams, Second Assistant A. E. Smith.

John Sumner Council, No. 28, Order United American Mechanics, of Newburyport, 30 men, James H. Johnson, councilor.

Groveland Drum Corps.

Housatonic Council, O. U. A. M., of Rowley, 25 men, Frank F. Foster in command.

Salem Brass Band.

Samuel Tucker Council, No. 20, O. U. A. M., of Marblehead, 30 men, Charles Symond in command.

Governor Weare Council, No. 15, O. U. A. M., of Seabrook, N. H., 20 men, Walter Knowles commanding.

Washington Council, No. 29, O. U. A. M., of Haverhill.

Carriage containing Senior State Councilor Charles F. Spear, of Hyde Park; Junior State Councilor Parker H. Nason, of West Newbury; ex-State Councilor Joseph W. Coates, of Marblehead; State Council Secretary Tuttle; Thomas E. Dougherty and F. A. Dodge, Beverly, state council finance committee, O. U. A. M.; A. S. Haynes, Haverhill, state vice councilor, Junior Order.

Success Council, Jr. O. U. A. M., of Byfield.

Indian Hill Council, Jr. O. U. A. M., of West Newbury.

Enterprise Council, Jr. O. U. A. M., of Haverhill.

Passaconway Council, Jr. O. U. A. M., of Seabrook.

Team containing members of Essex Council, Royal Arcanum.

Barge containing Marine Society, founded in 1772.

FIFTH DIVISION.

Parochial school, one barge.

Hancock street school, three barges.

Bromfield street school, three barges.

Purchase street school, one barge.

Jackman school, three barges.

Johnson school, one barge.

Plains school, one barge.

Temple street school, one barge.

Kelley school, eight barges.

Currier school, three barges.

Curtis school, three barges.

Moultonville school, one barge.

Congress street school, four barges.

TRADES DIVISION.

William G. Fisher, commander.

Aids: Hugh Hart, Jr., John J. Connors, H. A. Young, Dr. E. E. Linton.

Perkins Lumber Company, float house built of various kinds of moulding with boxes for chimneys.

Inn street laundry, delivery wagon.

Herman Staples, pyramid of paint cans on delivery wagon.

N. Varina, coal team.

John Collins, coal team.

News Publishing Company, a team load of paper in rolls.

Hale's parcel delivery wagon.

H. C. Hewitt, butter, eggs, and Maine cream, two teams.

Moses Rolfe, hay and grain delivery team.

Wolfe tavern, pony cart.

E. S. Hidden, baker's delivery wagon.

J. N. Frost, six-horse ice team.

L. M. Hatch & Sons, four-horse team loaded with shingles.

Creeden Brothers, team loaded with steam heating apparatus.

McGlew Brothers, float representing a blacksmith shop, with forge and anvil and men at work.

W. G. Fisher, float representing Liberty and the Army and Navy.

Hope Spice Mills, two teams.

George M. Roaf, five meat delivery teams.

Newburyport Footwear Ageney, two teams.

J. F. Brown, grocery team.

R. S. Tibbetts, baker's team.

Newburyport Furniture Company, float with boy in bed.

H. M. Ordway, extract team.

H. H. Tingley, shoe blacking delivery wagon.

W. J. Jordan, big hat wagon.

L. F. Barton, fancy wagon.

Yerxa & Co., two grocery teams.

C. H. Lord, carriage maker, four styles of carriages.

City Grist Mills, delivery team.

Osgood & Goodwin, float representing summer scene.

Green Davis, team loaded with wall paper.

F. H. Hubbard, clothing.

D. Collins, calf in a cage, representing "box-calf" idea.

A. J. Brooks, two carpenter teams.

George H. Plumer, tally-ho and delivery team.

S. S. Beloff, Amesbury, tobaeconist, wagon.

A. W. Parsons, grocery wagon.

E. W. Pearson, florist wagon loaded with plants.

National Bisenit Company, three teams.

J. B. Thomas, two meat teams.

R. J. Foley, team loaded with ranges and heaters.

W. W. Coffin, float advertising shoes.

Pearl S. Bradford, float representing toilet, laundry, and bath plumbing and kitchen heaters.

W. C. Greeley, provision team.

W. C. Langley, two loaded furniture teams.
Thomas Noyes & Son, Moxie team.
D. J. Kelleher, baker's team.
J. H. Balch, Jr., carriage, coal team, and outrider with banner.
George J. Johnson, Rowley express wagon.
P. B. Jackson, team in which an upholsterer was at work.
J. G. Muldoon, kitchen range loaded on delivery wagon.
Porter, Rogers & Co., carriage.
J. J. Comley, floral chariot driven by young lady, and an outrider.
Jere Healey, coal team,
William Gray, two baker's teams.
T. Glynn & Co., man bottling soda in delivery wagon.
American Express Company, three loaded express wagons.
G. A. Rowe, butter and eggs team.
S. P. Bray, three coal and wood teams.
S. J. Hughes, grocery team.
William Little, milk wagon.
Manhattan Clothing Company, horseman with banner.
Pentucket Cycle Company, float, a racer paced by a triplet.

After the parade had been reviewed and dismissed the naval contingent and militia were escorted to Armory hall, where an excellent dinner was provided by Caterer Tibbetts. The O. U. A. M. councils were entertained by John Sumner council, No. 28, in a hospitable manner, G. H. Plumer being the caterer. The visiting Hibernians were taken care of by Shields division.

The fifth division of the parade was the school division. All the barges in which there were school children were trimmed with bunting and flags of the nation. All the barges were full of children who were proud of their schools, for they were shouting school yells all along the course, and ended at the end of the procession with the singing of "Columbia."

The battalion from the battleship Massachusetts had with them in the parade the ship's mascot, a goat, wearing a blanket on which appeared the name "William Terror." The goat bucked at one time on High street, and one of the sailors had a tussle with him. It was evident that the mascot was weary, and the ambulance corps was

called into service and the goat carried the remainder of the distance on a stretcher.

Company B, Eighth regiment, of Everett, turned out with every officer and man. The company had with it a mascot in the shape of a large dog, led by a lad dressed in khaki uniform.

Captain William H. Blodgett, of Salisbury, made a great hit in the parade. He rode in a high chaise of "ye olden time" pattern, drawn by a high stepping horse. He was attired in full continental uniform.

Without doubt the youngest participant in the parade was the two-year-old daughter of Mr. L. L. Peavey, commander of the O. U. A. M. division. The little one was carried in the arms of her father as he rode at the head of his men and attracted much notice.

ATHLETIC SPORTS.

Owing to the length of the parade and the time consumed by it, the athletic meet at the driving park was not begun until a little after 3 o'clock. There was a large crowd there at the appointed time, but a still larger crowd came on the 3 o'clock cars, which justified the committee in waiting.

The meet itself was intensely interesting, and some very fast time was made. Stanley Besse, secretary of the athletic committee, secured a large number of entries, but several of them did not compete.

The first event was the 100-yard dash, in which there were three heats, there being seven in each heat. There were several Newburyport boys entered. In the first heat, J. J. Healey, who had a handicap of six feet, won out, with "Jake Smith," a scratch man, a close second. Ten seconds is fast, but that was the time. In the second heat Frank Lasley was an easy winner, and Pope managed to come in second. Frank Hubbard, of Concord High School, captured first in the next heat; Ralph Plumer, of this city, was in this heat, but came in third. In the semi-finals Smith got a good lead and finished yards ahead of the next man. J. J. Healey, Frank Lasley, "Jake" Smith, of this city; Hubbard, of C. H. S.; and Lynch, of Cambridgeport, were in the finals. Healey won out in a pretty race, Smith coming in third, just behind Lasley.

The high hurdles came next, and these were run in two heats. R. G. Leavitt and J. C. Preston, of Phillips Exeter, finished first and second in this heat, Harris, of Haverhill, dropping out. Pope finished first in the second heat easily.

In the mile, Sullivan put up a fine race throughout. He was the

only one starting first. Just three yards before the finish he dropped, and Dowd, an old E. I. A. A. man, finished third in his place. Dixon, the winner, led from the first.

Healey ran the finest 220-yard run seen in a long time, having only two feet handicap, and winning in 22 seconds.

Dick Grant was warmly applauded at the conclusion of the mile run. He started scratch man with Sullivan, of Cambridgeport, and gradually crept up until the last quarter of a mile. Then he made a wide margin between himself and the others. There were only three men who finished, the others having dropped out on account of the pace.

The 100-yard dash,— First heat won by J. J. Healey, Dummer Academy; H. E. Smith, Phillips Exeter, second; time, 10 seconds. Second heat won by Frank Lasley, Newburyport, Robert A. Pope, of Newburyport, second; John M. Burke, Holy Cross, third; Time, 10⅕ seconds. Third heat won by Frank Hubbard, Concord High School; W. J. Lynch, of Cambridgeport Gymnasium, second; T. McQueeney, of St. Anne's Worcester, third; time, 10⅖ seconds. Heat for second man won by H. E. Smith, Phillips Exeter; W. J. Lynch, of Cambridgeport, second; time, 10⅕ seconds. Final heat won by J. J. Healey, Dummer Academy; Frank A. Lasley, of Newburyport, second; H. E. Smith, of Phillips Exeter, third; time, 10 seconds.

The 220-yard dash was won by J. J. Healey, of Newburyport; H. F. Ellis, of Everett High School, second; John M. Burke, Holy Cross, third; time 22 seconds.

The 440-yard dash was won by H. E. Smith, Phillips Exeter; John M. Burke, Holy Cross, second; T. Kennedy, of St. Alphonsus Athletic Association, third; time, 49⅗ seconds.

The 880-yard run was won by R. W. Dixon, Worcester High School; J. M. Cates, Phillips Andover, second; James A. Dowd, Lawrence, third; time, 2 minutes, 2⅖ seconds.

Mile run, won by Dick Grant, of Cambridgeport; F. J. A. Colman, St. Alphonsus Athletic Association, second; H. F. Peasley, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, third; time, 4 minutes, 38⅘ seconds.

The 120-yard high hurdles,— First heat won by R. F. Leavitt, Phillips Exeter; J. C. Preston, Phillips Exeter, second; time, 17⅗ seconds. Second heat won by Robert A. Pope, Newburyport; T. McQueeney, St. Anne's Worcester, second; time, 17⅖ seconds. Final heat won by R. G. Leavitt; Robert A. Pope, second; J. C. Preston, third; time, 16⅘ seconds.

Running high jump, won by L. P. McGovern, Lynn Y. M. C. A., 5 feet, 8⅘ inches; H. E. Smith, Phillips Exeter, second, 5 feet, 8⅖ inches; Robert A. Pope, third, 5 feet, 7⅘ inches.

Pole vault, won by Preston, Phillips Exeter; McGovern, second; Ackerman, third; hight, 10 feet, 9 inches.

THE FIREWORKS.

The fireworks at the mall attracted a great crowd of people, estimates placing the number from fifteen to twenty thousand. The display was very satisfactory, the pyrotechnics being of excellent quality and of varied nature. The water of Frog pond acted as a mirror, reflecting the brightness of the exhibits as they were let off. The set pieces included portraits of the first mayor, Hon. Caleb Cushing, and of the present mayor, Hon. Moses Brown; a bouquet of flowers; an elephant that walked along the edge of the pond; a motto, "Our Fiftieth Anniversary, 1851–1901"; a fan; and the motto, "Good Night." The display was fired by two men employed by the firm that furnished the fireworks. Things were kept on the move, rockets, bombs, and colored lights being almost continuously in the air. Mr. Irvin Besse was chairman of the committee on fireworks, and with his associates is entitled to much credit for the admirable exhibition presented.

WAR DEPARTMENT
LIBRARY.

EXERCISES ON WEDNESDAY

VETERAN FIREMEN'S PARADE.

The parade of the Veteran Firemen, Wednesday morning, was a great success, and the streets through which it passed were lined with spectators, while in the center of the city it was viewed by a great multitude.

There were about fifteen hundred men in line, and they made a fine appearance and were applauded all along the line.

The local active fire department acted as escort, marching in a body, and made a fine showing.

The line formed as follows:

Platoon of police, Captain Patrick Creeden and six patrolmen.

Chief Marshal, W. B. Porter.

Aids: Captain C. N. Safford and D. A. Casey.

Active fire department, 75 men, Chief S. C. Reed, commander.

First carriage: Mayor Brown; Mayor Shepard, of Lynn; Irvin Besse, chairman firemen's muster committee.

Second carriage: Ex-Chief Eben S. Dole, Chief W. J. Bishop of Amesbury, ex-Chief C. H. Hooper of Peabody, James Dugan of Haverhill.

Third carriage: A. S. Harriman of Arlington, C. H. Grant of Somerville, Chief W. E. Cade of Wakefield, F. A. Cheney of Haverhill.

Beckman's Clarinet Band.

Neptune Veterans, 100 men, Albert Russell commanding.

City of Lynn, 50 men, N. W. Petts commanding.

Eighth Regiment Drum Corps.

Lawrence Veterans, 60 men, Colonel Melvin Beale commanding.

Rings Island Drum Corps.

Tigers, of Newburyport, 60 men, George F. Wilson commanding.

Washingtons, of Georgetown, 50 men, Alvin F. Marden commanding.

Eurekas, Arlington, 80 men, A. A. Tilden commanding.

Amesbury Drum Corps.

Protectors, of Amesbury, 65 men, Henry True commanding.

Georgetown Drum Corps.

Erie, of Georgetown, 50 men, E. S. Brown commanding.

Nonantums, of Newton, 50 men, John Hardigan commanding.

White Angel Drum Corps.

White Angel, of Salem, 100 men, John Pollock commanding.

City of Somerville, 60 men, E. P. Walker commanding.

Fifth Regiment Drum Corps.

General Taylor, of Everett, 40 men, G. A. Judd commanding.

Winnisimmet, of Chelsea, 40 men, P. W. Dolif commanding.

General Butler Drum Corps.

City of Lowell, 65 men, J. H. Currier commanding.

Eagles, of Lynn, 65 men, O. A. Dodge commanding.

Red Jackets, of Cambridge, 40 men, W. A. McLean commanding.

Fountain, of Exeter, 60 men, William Flannigan commanding.

THE FIREMEN'S MUSTER

Newburyport's highly successful celebration came to a close on Wednesday afternoon, when the seventeen veteran firemen associations that had participated in the morning parade had a play-out on Pond street.

Thousands of people gathered to witness this always interesting contest of men and machines. The red shirted men were just as enthusiastic as in the days when "they ran with the machine," and each company had warm supporters.

The weather conditions were favorable, the extreme heat being the only serious drawback. A slight cross wind manifested itself at times, interfering with the work of some of the machines. As a whole, however, the weather was all that could be asked for.

Owing to a slight hitch in the arrangements the playing did not begin until 2 o'clock. The Neptunes were the first to play, and they sent the water down the board in good shape, and on the third play, which was the best, attained a distance of 199 feet, 11¾ inches. The next machine to play was the City of Lynn, and she secured 195 feet, 2 inches. The Tigers played fourth. The machine was well manned, but she sent the water down the platform only 182 feet, 9½ inches.

The Nonantums, of Newton, followed the Tigers, and played 202 feet, 6¼ inches, which proved to be the best stream of the afternoon. The Amesbury men made a fine showing with their new engine, getting a mark of 190 feet, 9¾ inches. They would have done better still had not one of the plugs of the engine been blown off. This was the first muster in which this engine has appeared since she has been in possession of the Amesbury company.

The Fountains, of Exeter, who won the first prize at the muster in connection with the fair in this city in 1900, was the last machine

to play. She sent water down the paper 197 feet, 7½ inches, on the first play, and fresh interest was created as it was thought that the best plays were to be excelled. Such did not prove the case, however, for she failed to better her first stream. The play-out was completed shortly after 6 o'clock, and the various companies departed for their homes.

As a result of the playing the Nonantums, of Newton, won the first prize, $200; they also got the special prize, $25, offered to the company coming the longest distance. The Neptunes, of Newburyport, got the second prize, $100; the Fountains, of Exeter, the third prize, $75; and the City of Lynn, the fourth, $25.

The judges held a meeting after the playing and corrected the scores. The prizes were at once paid over to the winners.

The committee in charge of the arrangements for the muster was made up of Irvin Besse, chairman; John W. Sargent, S. C. Reed, W. B. Porter, and Charles W. Genn. The following were officials at the contest: Judges,—at stream, Fred A. Cheney of Haverhill, Captain Charles Grant of Somerville; at pipe, Captain Charles H. Hooper of Peabody, Eben S. Dole of Salisbury; at engine, Chief Bishop of Amesbury, Chief Wade of Wakefield. In charge at muster, Chief S. C. Reed. Timekeeper, C. A. Putnam.

The records were made as follows:

	FEET.	INCHES.
Nonantums, Newton	202	6¼
Neptune, Newburyport	199	11¾
Fountain, Exeter	197	7½
City of Lynn, Lynn	195	2
Eureka, Arlington	193	8½
Protection, Amesbury	190	9¾
White Angel, Salem	187	4½
General Butler, Lowell	186	1⅞
Red Jackets, Cambridge	184	11¼
General Taylor, Everett	184	4
Tigers, Newburyport	182	9½
City of Somerville	181	11¾
Eagles, Lynn	178	4
Lawrence Vets, Lawrence	177	5¾
Washingtons, Georgetown	166	1
Eries, Georgetown	158	0¾
Winnesimmet, Chelsea	143	6¾

TESTIMONIAL TO BATTLESHIP.

As an indication of the cordiality between the citizens of Newburyport and the officers of the battleship Massachusetts, a pleasant incident occurred when a sterling silver three-light candelabra, with two candlesticks to match, were presented to the battleship through its officers.

The candelabra is of the latest style of decorative art, designed by George P. Tilton, the artistic engraver of the Towle Manufacturing Company. It is beautiful in pattern and workmanship, and represents three lilies, each bearing a candle, with choice surroundings.

The candelabra is engraved as follows:

CITIZENS OF NEWBURYPORT
TO BATTLESHIP MASSACHUSETTS
THROUGH ITS OFFICERS.

APPENDIX

LETTERS FROM INVITED GUESTS

The following letters with regard to the visit of the battleship Massachusetts on two days of the celebration, and replies of invited guests other than those read at the banquet, are published for preservation and to complete the account of the fiftieth anniversary of the city of Newburyport.

March 12, 1901.

Hon. Wm. H. Moody.

Sir,— The receipt is acknowledged of your letter of March 9, 1901, requesting the presence of battleships or other large vessels off Newburyport, Massachusetts, on June 24th and 25th next, upon the occasion of the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the city.

The department has taken pleasure in issuing orders in conformity with your request, and encloses for your information a copy of a letter sent to the commander-in-chief, U. S. naval force, North Atlantic station.

Very respectfully,

[SIGNED] John D. Long, Secretary.

Commander-in-Chief March 12, 1901.
U. S. Naval Force,
North Atlantic Station.

Sir,— Arrange to have one or more vessels, and if practicable all of the North Atlantic squadron, off Newburyport, Massachusetts on June 24th and 25th next, on the occasion of the celebration commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the city.

Communicate in regard to this matter with the Hon. W. H. Moody and with the mayor of Newburyport.

Very respectfully,

[SIGNED] John D. Long, Secretary.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES U. S.
WASHINGTON, D. C.,
March 13, 1901.

HENRY W. LITTLE, ESQ.,
Newburyport, Mass.

My Dear Sir,—I enclose copies of letters in regard to the movements of the North Atlantic squadron in June, which are self-explanatory. I would suggest that it would be a graceful act to acknowledge, in the name of the city of Newburyport, to Secretary Long direct, the favor of his prompt action in this matter.

Yours very truly,

FRED L. FISHBACK,
Private Secretary to HON. W. H. MOODY.

NAVY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON.
April 17, 1901.

HON. MOSES BROWN,
Mayor, City of Newburyport, Mass.

Sir,—The receipt is acknowledged of your letter of April 15, 1901. The department will heartily approve the landing of such part as practicable of the battalions of the vessels of the North Atlantic squadron which will be at Newburyport on June 24th and 25th. Final arrangements for the landing of this force will necessarily be in the hands of the commander-in-chief. You are advised to communicate with him directly upon the subject, furnishing him, if you deem it proper, with a copy of this letter.

Rear Admiral Farquhar will be at Ft. Monroe about the 24th, instant.

Very respectfully,

JOHN D. LONG, Secretary.

UNITED STATES FLAGSHIP KEARSARGE.
NAVY YARD, New York, N. Y.
May 4, 1901.

HON. MOSES BROWN,
Mayor, City of Newburyport, Massachusetts.

Sir,—Replying to your communication of the 22d, ultimo, addressed to Rear Admiral N. H. Farquhar, I am directed by Rear Admiral F. J. Higginson, now commander-in-chief of the North Atlantic squadron, to inform you that owing to the exigencies of the service it is not possible at present to give any definite information regarding the number of vessels which will be present at Newburyport June 24th and 25th, nor of the composition of the landing force to take part in the parade of the 25th, but that the desired information will be furnished you as soon as practicable.

Very respectfully,

W. A. MARSHALL,
Lieutenant-Commander, U. S. Navy, Aide.

U. S. S. Massachusetts,
Navy Yard, New York,
May 27, 1901.

Sir,— I am directed by the commander-in-chief, U. S. naval force, North Atlantic station, to communicate with you in regard to the landing of the battalion at Newburyport in order to participate in the parade on June 25, 1901.

Referring to the inquiries contained in your letter of April 22 to the former commander-in-chief, Rear Admiral Farquhar, I would say that, weather permitting, the battalion of the "Massachusetts" will be landed. The approximate number of men is 248 and 8 officers.

Owing to the draught of the ship she will not be able to lie nearer than three and one-half miles off the city, probably in eight to ten fathoms of water outside the whistling buoy.

It is customary in making such landings for the city to provide a tug. The boats of the ship will land the battalion in case of necessity, but in an open roadstead it is desirable not to employ them because of liability to damage.

According to my understanding, the "Massachusetts" is the only vessel of the squadron that may be present off Newburyport on the occasion referred to.

Very respectfully,

H. N. Manney,
Captain, U. S. Navy, commanding.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, U. S. S. MASSACHUSETTS.

Captain	H. N. Manney,	United	States	Navy
Lieutenant-Commander	A. C. Baker,	"	"	"
Lieutenant-Commander	R. C. Smith,	"	"	"
Lieutenant	G. R. Salisbury,	"	"	"
Lieutenant	C. W. Dyson,	"	"	"
Lieutenant	C. F. Hughes,	"	"	"
Lieutenant	D. M. Garrison,	"	"	"
Lieutenant	F. D. Karns,	"	"	"
Ensign	G. S. Lincoln,	"	"	"
Ensign	L. Shane,	"	"	"
Ensign	C. E. Deligeorges,	Royal	Greek	Navy
Naval Cadet	W. K. Wortman,	United	States	Navy
Surgeon	H. E. Ames,	"	"	"
Assistant Surgeon	B. L. Wright,	"	"	"
Paymaster	W. J. Littell	"	"	"
Captain Marines	H. Lee.	"	"	"
First Lieutenant Marines	J. S. Turrill,	"	"	"
Chaplain	C. Q. Wright,	"	"	"

FROM DAVID L. WITHINGTON, ESQ.

San Diego, California,
June 17, 1901.

Hon. E. P. Dodge,
Chairman, Newburyport, Mass.

Dear Sir,— I gratefully acknowledge the invitation of your committee to speak at the commemorative exercises to be held on the fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the city of Newburyport, within whose confines I lived for seventeen years, whose welfare and hopes I made my own with an enthusiasm which is not yet exhausted, and of whose record I am sincerely proud. Her sons who live upon the Pacific, although separated by a continent, are yet bound by common ties which neither distance nor time can sunder. Absent in body, they will rejoice with you upon this home-coming day. I hoped to have been with you on the occasion, but duties here have decreed otherwise, and I can but send our congratulations upon this happy occasion.

Sincerely yours,

David L. Withington.

FROM SENATOR GARDNER.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
Senate Chamber, Boston,
June 3, 1901.

Messrs. E. P. Dodge, J. J. Currier,
and Nathan N. Withington,
Newburyport, Mass.

Gentlemen,— I have the honor to accept with pleasure the invitation of your committee to be present and make a short address at the banquet at Newburyport, on June 24, 1901.

Very respectfully,

Augustus P. Gardner.

FROM SENATOR LODGE.

United States Senate.
June 6, 1901.

E. P. Dodge, Esq., John J. Currier, Esq., and
Nathan N. Withington, Esq.

My Dear Sirs,— I am very much obliged to you by your kind invitation to be present at the commemorative exercises to be held in Newburyport on the 24th and 25th of June, and to deliver a short address. I should like it very much indeed if I could accept, but I am sorry to say I have already accepted an invitation for the days you mention, and this makes it impossible for me to be present.

With renewed thanks for your kindness, believe me

Very truly yours,

H. C. Lodge.

FROM THE GOVERNOR OF MAINE.

STATE OF MAINE, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.
AUGUSTA, June 1, 1901.

MESSRS. E. P. DODGE, JOHN J. CURRIER, NATHAN N. WITHINGTON,
Newburyport, Massachusetts.

Gentlemen,— I have your letter of the 28th, ultimo, inviting me to attend the exercises at the fiftieth anniversary of the organization of the city government of Newburyport, for which I thank you.

I regret that a previous engagement will prevent me from being present. I have the most pleasant memories of Newburyport, a city in which I have always had the deepest interest. I trust that everything in connection with the coming anniversary will be most successful, and that your city may have a prosperous future.

Very truly yours,
JOHN F. HILL,
Governor of Maine.

FROM HON. EDGAR R. CHAMPLIN.

BOSTON, MASS.
June 5, 1901.

MR. E. P. DODGE,
Newburyport, Mass.

My Dear Sir,— I trust you will pardon my delay in answering the esteemed favor addressed to me under date of May 31st, and signed by you, Mr. John J. Currier, and Mr. Nathan N. Withington, inviting me to be present at the exercises in Newburyport upon the 24th, instant. I have been delaying in the hope that I might see my way clear to definitely accept your very kind invitation, but it looks now as though my time would be so fully occupied that I shall not be able to accept your courtesy upon that occasion. If you must know definitely at once, I shall be obliged to say that I cannot come; if, however, the matter may remain open for a week or ten days, I may be able to see my way clear to be with you. I assume however that you want to print your program, and that you ought to know at once your final plan, and so feel that my only safe course is to advise you that I cannot be with you.

Wishing you a most enjoyable occasion, I am
Yours very truly, EDGAR R. CHAMPLIN.

BOSTON, Mass., June 22, 1901.

MR. E. P. DODGE,
Chairman Literary Committee, Newburyport, Mass.

My Dear Mr. Dodge,— It is with disappointment that I am constrained to finally decline to be present at the celebration. Next week will be crowded full of imperative business engagements; consequently pleasures must be relegated to the background.

Wishing for you pleasant weather and a most enjoyable time, I am
Sincerely yours,
EDGAR R. CHAMPLIN.

FROM MOORFIELD STOREY, ESQ.

BOSTON, June 3, 1901.

MESSRS. E. P. DODGE, JOHN J. CURRIER, NATHAN N. WITHINGTON.

Gentlemen,— I have your courteous invitation to attend the dinner and other exercises, on June 24 and 25, in commemoration of the incorporation of Newburyport, and it would give me the greatest pleasure to do so if my other engagements made it possible.

Unhappily this is not the case. I am so engaged at that time that I cannot come to Newburyport, and therefore, with great regret, I must lose the opportunity of taking part in a celebration which I think will be most interesting to all who are fortunate enough to be present.

Appreciating the compliment contained in your invitation, I am

Sincerely yours,

MOORFIELD STOREY.

FROM HON. A. E. PILLSBURY.

BOSTON, June 3.

MESSRS. DODGE, CURRIER, AND WITHINGTON,
Committee.

Gentlemen,— I have your kind invitation to attend and say something at the anniversary dinner. If the program is carried out as arranged the people will have heard all they care to from me in the morning, probably, and will naturally expect me to be very brief at the table, as I shall prefer to be if you find it prudent and necessary to tap my reservoir a second time.

Very truly yours,

A. E. PILLSBURY.

FROM REV. A. W. HITCHCOCK.

WORCESTER, MASS.
June 13, 1901.

HON. E. P. DODGE,
Chairman of Committee on Speakers, Newburyport.

My Dear Mr. Dodge,— I appreciate the honor conferred upon me by your committee, and assure you that I am strongly inclined to accept the invitation to become the guest of Newburyport and to speak at the dinner on Monday. But unfortunately I have an appointment in Worcester that day which it is not easy to avoid, and I must deny myself the pleasure of being with you and rendering my small tribute to the dear old city by the sea.

Thanking you, I am very truly yours,

ALBERT W. HITCHCOCK.

FROM LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR BATES.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.
COUNCIL CHAMBER, BOSTON.
June 12, 1901.

E. P. DODGE, ESQ., Newburyport, Mass.

My Dear Sir,— I have received the cordial invitation of yourself and the committee, as also that extended through Mr. Shaw and Mr. Mills, to be present at the semi-centennial celebration of the city of Newburyport, on Tuesday, June 24th. Permit me to assure you that it will give me great pleasure to join with your citizens on this interesting occasion.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN L. BATES.

FROM MRS. VERMILYE.

ENGLEWOOD, June 13.

MR. J. J. CURRIER.

Dear Sir,— The invitation from the committee to my husband to participate in the Newburyport celebration arrived yesterday, and whilst thanking you for the courtesy would reply that my husband is seriously ill, and will therefore be unable to accept the invitation.

Yours truly,

(MRS.) HELEN DEWITT VERMILYE.

FROM JUDGE LOWELL.

E. P. DODGE, ESQ., BOSTON, June 4, 1901.
Newburyport, Mass.

Dear Sir,— The kind invitation of your committee to attend the commemorative exercises on June 24 next is received, and I regret very much that other engagements will keep me in Boston on that day. Were it possible for me to come I should certainly do so, but it is absolutely impossible. I have a court engagement on that very afternoon. Please express to His Honor the mayor, and to the committee, my thanks and my sense of the honor conferred upon me.

Yours very truly,

FRANCIS C. LOWELL.

FROM WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

BOSTON, June 18, 1901.

Dear Sirs,— Mr. W. L. Garrison is in Europe for the summer, and will therefore be unable to be present at the Newburyport celebration.

E. R. CHAPMAN,
For Mr. Garrison.

FROM HON. W. H. MOODY.

HAVERHILL, Mass.,
June 5, 1901.

HON. E. P. DODGE,
Newburyport, Mass.

My Dear Sir,— I beg leave to acknowledge the letter of your committee dated the 31st, ult., inviting me to be present at the literary exercises on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the city of Newburyport, to be held on the twenty-fourth of the current month, and to make there a brief after-dinner speech. It gives me very great pleasure to accept the invitation. May I ask if I shall be called on to respond to any particular sentiment?

Yours very truly,

W. H. MOODY.

FROM MRS. GEN. GREELY.

WASHINGTON, D. C.
June 20, 1901.

DEAR MR. CURRIER.

I have just discovered that the invitation to General Greely to take part in the celebration of the Newburyport anniversary includes another to speak at the banquet.

I regret extremely that this should have been overlooked by me, and the early response asked for consequently not sent.

My husband left home late in May, sailing from San Francisco on the 1st of June, to inspect his work in the Philippines. He will return to Washington the middle of September (D. V.).

I am sure that General Greely will greatly regret his absence at this time.

Very sincerely yours,

HENRIETTA NESMITH GREELY.

FROM REV. A. J. TEELING.

LYNN, Mass., June 9, 1901.

MESSRS. E. P. DODGE AND J. J. CURRIER.

My Dear Friends,— I have received your conjoint invitation to give an after-dinner speech, of a few minutes' duration, on the occasion of the banquet of the fiftieth anniversary. I feel it an honor conferred upon me by you, my friends, to say a few words on that happy day, — so jubilant a day for Newburyport. You may count on me.

Yours sincerely,

A. J. TEELING.

FROM EX-GOVERNOR BOUTWELL.

GROTON, Mass, June 1, 1901.

Sir,—I am honored greatly by the invitation of the city of Newburyport to be present as the guest of the city on the fiftieth anniversary of its incorporation.

I feel compelled to put aside an opportunity which in some of its aspects, promises so much. If I admit the truth it is this: A day or even hours of ceremony are a burden to me, and I am constrained to avoid ceremonial occasions.

Very truly,

GEO. S. BOUTWELL.

FROM HON. ALBERT CURRIER.

NEWBURYPORT, June 18, 1901.

HON. E. P. DODGE.

Chairman of Committee on Literary Exercises.

Dear Sir,—Your communication requesting me to make a short speech at the dinner of the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the city government, as a representative of its earlier days, is received.

In reply would say that as I am not a public speaker on such occasions and that there will be so many who will occupy the time, I earnestly request that I may not be called upon for any remarks.

I have the honor to remain

Yours, etc., ALBERT CURRIER.

FROM SECRETARY LONG.

NAVY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON.

MR. E. P. DODGE. June 5, 1901.

Newburyport, Mass.

Dear Sir,—I am in receipt of your letter of the 31st, ultimo, and I beg to thank you for your kind invitation to attend the commemorative exercises to be held in the city of Newburyport on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of its incorporation. I regret, however, that it is impossible for me to accept, as I have only just returned to the department after several weeks' absence, where I find so many important matters have accumulated and are awaiting my attention that for the next few weeks I shall not be able to make any out-of-town engagements.

I much appreciate your courtesy, however, and I beg to send my cordial good wishes for the occasion,

Very truly yours,

JOHN D. LONG.

FROM HON. HARVEY N. SHEPARD.

HON. E. P. DODGE, BOSTON, June 10, 1901.
Newburyport, Mass.

My Dear Mr. Dodge,— I am very greatly obliged by your kind note of June 6, and shall be glad to attend the banquet and to speak.

Very truly yours,
HARVEY N. SHEPARD.

FROM JUDGE O. W. HOLMES.

COURT HOUSE, BOSTON.
May 31, 1901.

E. P. DODGE, ESQ., JOHN J. CURRIER, ESQ.,
N. N. WITHINGTON, ESQ., Committee.

Dear Sirs,— I regret to say that I shall be unable to attend the banquet of the city of Newburyport on June 24, as I have arranged to sail for Europe on June 22.

I understand that the reply to your committee is also a reply to the kind invitation of the city.

Respectfully yours,
O. W. HOLMES.

FROM HON. W. W. CRAPO.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., June 6, 1901.

HON. E. P. DODGE.

Dear Sir,— It is not possible for me to attend and take part in your semi-centennial exercises. I highly appreciate your invitation, but am so situated I cannot accept.

Yours,
WILLIAM W. CRAPO.

FROM HON. WILLIAM REED.

TAUNTON, Mass., June 10, 1901.

Gentlemen of Committee,— With thanks for your kind invitation, will say that it will give me great pleasure to attend the commemorative banquet in my native town and say a few words.

Yours most sincerely,
WILLIAM REED.

FROM COL. HIGGINSON.

CAMBRIDGE, June 1, 1901.

E. P. DODGE, ESQ.

For Committee on celebration.

Dear Sir,— The letter of your committee of May 31st, to my brother-in-law, Col. T. W. Higginson, inviting him to be present and make an address at Newburyport, on the occasion of the commemorative exercises to be held on June 24th and 25th, in that city, is received. I think it would give Col. Higginson great pleasure to accept your polite invitation were he at home. But he is at present traveling in Europe with his family, and is not expected home until late next October.

I am with much respect,

Yours very truly,

FRANCIS S. THACHER.

FROM GEORGE F. STONE, ESQ.

CHICAGO, June 10, 1901.

Hon. E. P. DODGE.

Dear Sir,— I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your esteemed favor of the 4th, instant, and also that of the committee of the same date, inclosing invitation from the city of Newburyport to attend the commemorative exercises to be held on the 24th and 25th, instant.

I sincerely regret that I am unable to accept the courteous invitation of the committee to attend the banquet. Please present to the members of the committee my thanks for the invitation.

Faithfully Yours.

GEORGE F. STONE.

FROM SENATOR HOAR.

WORCESTER, Mass., June 1, 1901.

E. P. DODGE, JOHN J. CURRIER, N. N. WITHINGTON,
Committee.

Gentlemen,— I am very sorry that it will not be in my power to attend the celebration at Newburyport on the 24th of June. I should like very much to meet the people of your beautiful and thriving city, and to hear Mr. Pillsbury, who is always so well worth hearing. But I am prevented by pressure of other duties, which I cannot well resist.

I am, with high regard,

Faithfully Yours,

GEO. F. HOAR.

FROM GOVERNOR CRANE.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

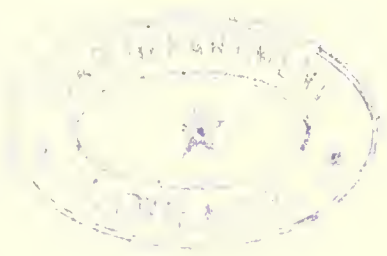
Hon. E. P. DODGE. BOSTON, June 4, 1901.
Newburyport, Mass.

My Dear Sir,— Your kind letter of the 31st, instant, received, and I thank your committee for inviting me to attend the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the city of Newburyport on the 24th of June. I assure you that I should like to participate in this celebration, but as at the present time I do not see how I can possibly do so I shall have to ask you to excuse me. For several weeks after the legislature adjourns my time will be so much taken up with the inspection of state institutions and other official duties that I do not feel able to take upon myself any further obligations.

In declining your invitation, therefore, and which I do with sincere regret, I beg to be permitted to extend to your people my best wishes for the continued prosperity of their city, and to remain

Yours very truly,

W. M. CRANE.



WAR DEPARTMENT
LIBRARY

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 014 111 003 2